

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY FIVE - CENT LIBRARY PUBLISHED.

Old Cap. Collier LIBRARY

No. 807

MUNRO'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
24 & 26 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK. MAY 27, 1899.

5 cents.

OLD CAP. COLLIER LIBRARY IS ISSUED WEEKLY.—BY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1899, by NORMAN L. MUNRO, in the office of the Librarian of Congress,
at Washington, D. C. Entered at Post Office, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

BONES' BUDGET.

EDITED BY "FRED."

SECOND SERIES.



She got the things and laid them out on the table. Then we sat down and I dished out the biggest part of the soup for myself.

The Northeastern Dime Novel Exchange
Lock Box 8
Farnumsville. Mass.

THE DIME NOVEL EXCHANGE

Lock Box 8

Farnumsville, Mass. U.S.A.

BONES' BUDGET.

EDITED BY "FRED."

SECOND SERIES.

PART I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP.

In writing an autobiography it is always well to mention your name at an early stage in the narrative.

I will therefore state at the outset that my name is Reginald Plantagenet.

That is, Reginald Plantagenet is my adopted name.

I had another name once, but my family disgraced it by disowning me, and I had to look about for a new cognomen.

Reginald Plantagenet struck me as about the right thing, and I adopted it.

It is a large and beautiful name, with a decidedly aristocratic flavor, and I decided that I could not do better.

So Reginald Plantagenet I became, and Reginald Plantagenet I have remained ever since.

Some of my associates on the road call me Breezy Rags, and to others I am known as Tattered Gurgles, but these are mere pleasantries; my real adopted name is, I hereinbefore remarked, Reginald Plantagenet, and I am a lineal descendent (by adoption) of the old and favorably known Plantagenet family of England.

There are a good many pathetic incidents in my career, but as the popular taste of the day seems to lean toward fun and frivolity, I will only mention such as have a humorous side, omitting all mention of the many sad experiences I have had to undergo, such as having at times been forced to board at the public expense, actually persuaded (in moments of weakness) to work, been obliged to eat pie without cheese, and other similar outrages.

By the low and vile I am called a tramp, but in reality I am only a gentleman of leisure, just the same in my tastes as other gentlemen of leisure, although sometimes forced to be negligent about my dress and to dine at second-class restaurants on account of pecuniary embarrassment.

One of the first amusing incidents of my career that occurs to me as I take my pencil in hand is a little fishing expedition in which I took part when I first began my life-work as a pedestrian.

I was then but twenty years of age, as beautiful as a dialect poet's dream and as pure as snow which has been driven only a few miles.

Hard luck and unappreciative relatives had turned

me loose upon the cold, unsympathetic world and forced me to the bitter choice between work and no work.

With my usual firmness I had chosen the latter, and had wandered out on the bleak highway only a few weeks before the incident which I am about to wettle with occurred.

I was in a depressed condition of mind, for I had not tasted food for two days, and had spent my last nickel for a beer only an hour before.

Then my trousers were beginning to bag at the knees, and there were four holes in my hat, besides the one in which I inserted my head, so it is no wonder that as I dragged my slow length along I hummed bitterly the popular air:

"No one to love me, none to caress."

I was anxious to be caressed then, to be drawn to some one's wildly beating heart and have a cash gift pressed into my yielding palm!

Suddenly I heard the sound of merry voices very near me.

I parted the bushes that grew beside the road and saw four men engaged in the act of fishing.

But what attracted me most was the sight of four one-dollar bills which lay upon the ground, kept from blowing away by a large lead sinker.

I also observed that there were several other sinkers lying about in negligent attitudes.

One of the fishermen had a small pair of scales in his hand and was weighing a fish.

The next moment one of his companions grabbed the four one-dollar bills with a gleeful shout.

Then four other one-dollar bills were placed upon the ground and the fishing was resumed.

I discovered by listening to the conversation of these festive strangers that the man who hooked the heaviest fish got the four dollars.

Instantly a great scheme struck me.

If they would only let me into the game I saw how I could possess myself of slathers of cash, simply by the exercise of my genius as a financier.

But I needed one dollar to begin with, and I hadn't got it.

What was I to do?

Sacrifice the chance of large wealth just for the want of one paltry dollar as capital?

Never!

Again my genius suggested a scheme.

Stepping up to the party I doffed my hat, and asked with a courtly bow:

"Gentlemen, may I be permitted to join you?"

They looked at me without much favor, but I did not care for that if I could only get into the game.

As I have said, I was not elegantly dressed, and they were evidently swells.

But I was not discouraged.

"The piscatorial art has ever been a favorite one with me," I went on, with a smile; "and I flatter myself that I can win one if not more of those stakes."

They said a few words among themselves and then they agreed to let me in.

"Thanks, gentlemen," I said. "Possibly I prove unfortunate, but the loss of a few paltry dollars is not likely to annoy me to any considerable extent. Ha, ha, ha!"

My distingue air and my silvery laugh deceived them completely.

I introduced myself and they told me their names.

I don't remember what they were, but it makes no difference.

"By the bye," I said with a vexed look, "I don't happen to have anything smaller than a five in my pocket. Can one of you gentlemen change it?"

One of them counted out five one-dollar bills and handed them to me.

I put four in my pocket, and laid the other on the grass, where my companions had already deposited theirs.

I did not offer to hand over the five, but the fellow from whom I had borrowed said nothing, thinking that I had forgotten it and that it he would get it before I left.

Then I breathed freer, for this was what I had counted on.

I cast my line in the stream, but did not pull out a fish until all my other companions had caught and weighed theirs.

I began to be afraid that luck was against me, and that I should not gather in the boodle, as it were, when I got a bite and pulled out a fair-sized perch, but not as big a one as one of the other chaps had.

But, turning on my back carelessly for a moment, I slipped a sinker that I had picked up down the fish's throat.

He was then put on the scales, and proved to weigh two ounces more than the largest of the others.

The stakes were handed to me, and I pocketed them, remarking:

"Better luck next time, gentlemen."

The next moment I said with a start:

"Oh, by the way, sir, did I give you your five dollar note?"

Of course the young fellow said no.

"Well, take these five ones, if you will be so kind," I said, handing him my stakes. "I have enough small bills to go on with now."

I went on with the other four ones until I had gathered in the stakes five times.

Then, observing a hard, steely glitter in the eyes of one of the party—a fellow of about forty, who seemed flyer than the others—I picked up my fish, remarking:

"Well, gentlemen, the best of friends must part, and I am forced to leave you. I have an appointment with my fiancée in an hour, and her villa is still a league distant. Au revoir."

And I gayly skipped away.

I had not gone far before I heard loud, indignant voices.

Glancing back, I saw one of the party dumping the lead sinker out of the mouth of a fish that I had inadvertently left.

"Confounded rascal!"

"Rascally beat!"

"Biggest fraud I ever saw!"

"We'll lynch him!"

These were a few of the remarks that I overheard.

Perceiving that my late friends were annoyed, I took to my heels.

The fishermen started after me at the top of their speed.

But I could run in those days, and I soon distanced them.

I made my escape into a wood and hid myself in a hollow tree that had served me as a shelter once before.

The entire party passed me, one of them nearly running into the tree in his excitement, but they did not see me.

Alas! I never met them again.

I cooked the fish for my supper, and the cash I had earned by fishing lasted me a long time, for my wants are very simple.

Ah, fond memories of my boyhood's days, ye almost overpower me as I gaze upon ye through the veil of years!

I never get a chance to work such snaps nowadays.

Another pretty good scheme that I indulged in a few years later was this:

One morning while wandering through a small Western town I picked up one of those carbon cylinders that are used for electric lighting and thrown away when their usefulness is gone.

I don't know what I picked it up for, but I have a dim idea that I thought I might use it for a pencil, as I knew it would make a black mark.

Some time I might find a quire of paper and an envelope, and then I could write some of my thrilling experiences and dispose of them to the press.

But before I had gone far a better idea occurred to me.

I was penniless, and very, very hungry, and I had found the people of this town hard, cold and unfeeling.

One man when I asked him in a faint, broken voice for food had pointed to a wood-pile, at the same time smiling cynically.

Another had requested a large ecru dog to "sic" me, and the animal had proved obliging in the extreme.

Still another had offered me bread without jam, and had made low, vulgar remarks when I refused to eat it.

These things had cut me to the soul and I had resolved that I would never, never return to the place, but before I left I longed to be fed.

As I strolled along, idly toying with the carbon cylinder, and wishing that some kind gentleman would present me with a few thousand shares in the electric light company, so that I would never become hungry or disgusted with my kind again, I perceived an old dame frying doughnuts in the kitchen of a house that I was in the act of passing.

She was not a beauty.

In fact, she was a terror, as I could see at a glance, and she eyed me with a stern, forbidding expression when I opened the gate and began advancing up the graveled path that led to the kitchen door.

"Git out o' here now!" she yelled in a voice that sounded like a Thanksgiving tin trumpet. "Git out, or I'll set the dog on ye."

I knew there was no dog on the premises—I can always instinctively feel when there is one—so I kept on my way, at the same time wreathing my classic features into a smile.

"You are evidently mistaken in me, my dear lady," I said courteously, as I leaned against the door jamb and gazed into her eyes.

"I calc'late I ain't," she said. "You're one o' them pesky tramps."

"I, a Plantagenet, a tramp!" I exclaimed. "Really, an amusing mistake. No, my dear madam, I am in disguise."

"You air?"

"Certainly. I am the reporter of a great New York daily, and I am gathering material for an article to be entitled 'How It Feels to Be a Tramp.'"

"I wanter know!"

"I thought you did, and that is why I told you."

"Wa-al, what do ye want with me?"

"I desire, my dear madam, to give you the privilege of assisting me in my investigations."

"How?"

"By giving me a substantial meal, such as you would give an ordinary tramp—say half a spring chicken, vegetables, milk or beer, dessert and coffee. I wish to study the methods pursued by a tramp in eating."

"You dew, hey? Wa-al, ef you want ennything tew eat, 'specially a meal like the one you've asked for, you kin go up tew the tavern an' git an' pay fer it. Ef you're so anious to find out 'How It Feels to Be a Tramp,' you know now."

The scheme was one that had worked pretty well before on several occasions, and I had hoped it would this time, and had tried it in preference to the new snap.

But the old dame was too sharp for me, and I was compelled to have recourse to my latest inspiration.

"Very well, my dear madam, just as you say," I replied, with a careless, indifferent air. "But as I am actually hungry, I will request you to permit me to make a bowl of electric soup on your stove."

"Electric soup? What's that?" squeaked the old woman.

"I am surprised that you have not heard of it," I said. "Fortunately I have all the ingredients with me, except a quart or so of hot water, which I will request you to give me, together with a porcelain lined pot."

The dame was so curious to find out what electric soup was that she put the pot of water on the stove for me.

Then I took the carbon cylinder from my pocket and dropped it in and watched it carefully till the water began to boil.

"Now," said I, "give me a little soup meat—anything you have in the house will do."

She got a big bone with a lot of meat on it and gave it to me, and I put it in the pot.

"Now," I continued, smiling trustingly upon her, "a few vegetables and a little seasoning."

While she was gone to get the things I fished out the cylinder and chucked it out into a currant bush in the yard.

It wasn't long before the soup was done.

I got tired before I had finished it, and I sat down and gazed dreamily out of the window and thought of

how much I would like to steal that house and carry it off somewhere where I could live in it in peace and quiet forever. While I did so the old woman stirred the soup.

She worked away like a good fellow, and at last she said she thought it was done.

"Undoubtedly it is, my dear lady," I said. "Now procure two dishes, a loaf of bread and some butter, and we will test its quality. I am sure you will say that it is simply delicious."

She got the things and laid them out on the table.

Then we sat down and I dished out the biggest part of the soup for myself, and gave her a little.

"I don't see but what it tastes like any other vegetable soup," she said.

"Ah, that is just the beauty of it," I replied. "The chunk of condensed electricity that I put in it has been entirely assimilated and leaves no unpleasant taste. At the same time, it imparts tone and vigor to the system, brightness to the eye and elasticity to the step."

"Dew tell!"

"Certainly I will. It also causes gray hair to assume its original color, cures corns and bunions, is a preventative of warts, removes the thirst for liquor, and perfumes the breath deliciously."

By this time the dame was interested, and I saw that she was taking in every word.

"How much does the l'ectricity cost?" she wanted to know.

"It is rather expensive," I told her, "the piece I used costing one dollar. But as you have been so kind to me I will send you, free of cost, a sufficient quantity to make forty gallons of soup as soon I return to New York. Kindly give me your full name and address, legibly written on a sheet of note paper."

She did, and she also handed over a couple of sandwiches and a cold pie for me to eat on my way.

Oh, I was pretty solid with Mrs. Perkins—that was her name—when we parted.

She wished me a pleasant journey, and I touched my hat as I waltzed down the graveled walk again.

And the best of it is I showed the name and address she had written to one of her neighbors, saying that she had recommended me as a worthy man in sore distress, and I got another pie and half a cold leg of mutton.

Well, I must quit. I have written on and off on this for six weeks, and have written steadily for the last five minutes, so I must go and lie down somewhere and rest.

Trusting that these confessions will give the public a better idea of my chosen profession, I respectfully say adieu.

PART II.

SOME USEFUL ADVICE.

(The author of the following series of short articles, telling boys how to succeed in various trades and professions, is, I understand, an authority on the subject of which he writes. He has written about nearly every trade and profession under the sun. But he informs

me that on overhauling his encyclopaedia he finds that he has left out a few businesses, and he has therefore written them up and sent them to me with free permission to do whatever I like with them. At first I was going to use them to wrap up a picnic lunch in, but as the sheets proved to be too small for the purpose, I decided to send them along with the rest of the valuable MSS. to Fred. The style in which they are written is extremely chaste and incisive, and I do not think that "Fred" will find it necessary to sew many ruffles on them before they will be fit for use in any climate.

(That goes.

BONES.)

"FRED.")

WHAT TRADE SHALL I CHOOSE?

BY AVERY BIGHEAD.

The query printed in capital letters at the head of this article is one which has probably suggested itself at odd moments to nearly all boys.

Tastes differ very much.

One boy—generally the one with a sallow complexion and long, straight hair, who is usually at the head of the class when he is not at home sick—yearns to become a popular preacher with a three months' vacation in Europe; while the highest and holiest ambitions of another are satisfied if Fate will but permit him to devote his life to carrying water for an elephant in a third-class circus.

Girls are just the same. One wants to go out into the world and tear up car tracks, figuratively speaking, to let all creation know what she thinks she is and what she thinks man is; while another is so low and groveling in her tastes that she is satisfied just to do a woman's work and not make any noise about it.

It is this difference in tastes that makes my business a hard one.

However, I do my best, and trust to Providence and the cashier on the first floor for my reward.

And now to start in.

Boys, you want to remember that I am a professional adviser on these subjects, and govern yourselves accordingly. What I say goes.

I shall proceed to mention a few trades and professions in which I see large wealth for any energetic boy who is willing to work from one to twenty-five hours per day.

PLUMBING.

This business is one which I can highly recommend to all, both great and small.

The requisites are:

An office, a semi-idiotic clerk, two assistants, five pounds of solder, a few tools, a small furnace, and lots of gall.

What I refer to as gall is generally known as tact.

Without it you cannot accumulate wealth, even in the plumbing business.

I will give you an idea as to how you can succeed as a plumber.

I imagine you seated in your office making out bills (this is the hardest part of your work), and leaving large black thumb-prints on various parts of the paper to convey the idea that you are a son of toil, and altogether too busy serving your kind to take time to wash your hands.

While you are thus engaged a gentleman enters.

He is evidently much excited, and as soon as you see this you assume a stolid look.

He states that the boiler in his kitchen is leaking badly, and he wants to know if you can see to it at once.

Without directly replying you ask his name and address.

When you have written them you wearily shove the slate aside and begin making out another bill.

You ignore your customer completely—this is a very important thing and must not be neglected; it gives him a realizing sense of his helplessness and your power.

After he has stood around a minute or two and watched you make out another bill for \$8 for putting in a 75-cent trap, he says:

"How soon can you send a man?"

You look up with an air of ennui and reply:

"Right away, sir."

Then he says:

"It's a bad leak, and I hope there won't be any unnecessary delay."

Then you sigh wearily, and shout to the semi-idiotic clerk, who is standing outside holding the door-jamb in place:

"Jawhn!"

"Yes, sir," he replies.

"Where's Bill?"

"Gone to Johnson's."

"Where's Mike?"

"Gone with him."

"When'll they be back?"

"Dunno."

"Well, as soon as they come you send them up to this gentleman's house—Mr. Smith, 897 Putnam street. There's a ba-ad leak in the kitchen boiler."

"Yes, sir."

Then the customer goes away with a pleased smile.

He has been there many and many a time before, but somehow your frank, ingenuous way disarms him, and he really believes that you mean what you say.

So he goes to his business, feeling sure that when he gets home in the afternoon he will find that kitchen boiler all right.

At five o'clock he comes in again.

This time he is mad.

"Say," he begins, "why haven't you sent to fix that kitchen boiler?"

You put on a wild look of surprise.

"Haven't the men been there yet?"

"No, they haven't."

"Is that so?"

Then you step out and carry on a conversation in dumb show with the semi-idiotic clerk.

After that you go back and say:

"Our men are just quitting work; can't you let it go till morning?"

Then Smith gets madder than ever.

Maybe he swears; at least he says:

"Impossible! the house would be flooded from cellar

to garret before daylight. Already the girl has to use a diver's suit when she wants to get anything down cellar, and I am negotiating for the purchase of a row-boat to use in the basement."

Then you look very sorry.

"This is too bad," you say, "this is really too bad. We are so rushed just now that we don't have time for meals, but I don't see how this mistake occurred. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Smith; I'll keep the men over hours to attend to this job, no matter if I lose by it. They'll be up at your house in fifteen minutes."

This makes Smith feel better; he presses your hand warmly and departs.

You wait two hours and then send the men up to Smith's house.

If they understand their business they know just what to do.

They turn off the water down-cellar and take out the range and leave it in the middle of the kitchen floor.

Then they go away, after stating that the water-back is all used up, and that they will return the first thing in the morning.

Don't send them back before afternoon the next day; if you know your customer well and think he will stand for it, wait over an entire day.

Let the men fool around the house, flirt with the servant girl, send out for beer every half hour, and otherwise amuse themselves for two days, and then let them put the range back in place, solder up the leak and take their leave.

After a proper time has elapsed you can send Smith a bill for \$65.10, which will leave you a clear profit of \$59.65.

The plumbing business is a good one for a youth of energetic tendencies, who writes a good, round hand and is not afraid of work.

THE PATENT MEDICINE BUSINESS.

For an ambitious and high-minded young man I do not know of anything better than this.

It requires about the same amount of gall as the plumbing business, and even less capital.

To run a patent medicine successfully is easier—a good deal easier—than rolling off a log.

To roll off a log you have to use a little energy, but to induce the public to enthuse over a patent medicine you don't.

I will tell you just how to start in and earn an honest living at this business, and will begin by giving you a valuable prescription:

2 parts Senna.

1 part Molasses.

2 parts Water.

Mix and shake thoroughly, then bottle.

Make as many bottles of the stuff as your means will allow, and on each bottle stick a label bearing this inscription:

"DR. BLUFF'S

"INDIAN ELIXIR.

"A Sovereign Remedy for all the Ills that Flesh is Heir to.

"DOSE:—One teaspoonful three times a day, or oftener if required.

"PRICE, ONE DOLLAR."

Then you want to get out a circular, stating that old Dr. Bluff, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, while walking through the jungles of that village, was captured by the natives and borne away to their encampment, despite his struggles.

You must then go on and say that during his imprisonment of eight months he had large opportunities of studying the manner in which the savages cured their sick, and that he was particularly struck with the miraculous properties of the Hallaballoo plant, which was used as a remedy for all diseases.

Then state that after eight months' confinement in the settlement, he escaped to Chestnut street, carrying with him a wagon-load of the wonderful herb.

You now want to assert that during the remainder of his life the good old soul used nothing but the Hallaballoo plant in his practice, and that it cured everything from a flea-bite to a ham.

On his deathbed, you must announce, he gave away the secret, and ever since his heirs have been manufacturing the Indian Elixir, which is a sure remedy for everything.

Then work in a lot of bogus testimonials—you will have plenty of real ones as soon as the stuff gets fairly afloat on the market.

Get them up in this style:

"DR. BLUFF:

"Dear Sir—For over seventeen years I was an intense sufferer from a strange complaint which no physician I consulted seemed able to understand. You will be amused to learn that some of them said there was nothing the matter with me. My sufferings were way beyond description. I used to get up in the morning as wide awake as if I had not slept at all. I felt intense hunger three times every day, and was forced to satisfy it with food. At night I became unconscious soon after going to bed. If I ran half a mile on a hot day I was covered with perspiration; and if I went out with insufficient clothing when the thermometer was at zero, I was invariably seized with a violent chill. I did not know what to do about all this until I ran across your Indian Elixir. I have taken two bottles, and I consider it the powerfulest remedy out. You are at liberty to use my name in any way you see fit.

"Yours truly,

"A FAKE."

Something like this would work in well, too:

"DR. BLUFF:

"Dear Sir—For some years I was a martyr from corns and bunions. My friends said that they were caused by tight shoes, but I knew better. I felt that I was the victim of some terrible internal complaint. Seeing an advertisement of your Indian Elixir, I purchased a bottle. On the same day I began wearing loose shoes to satisfy the prejudices of my misguided friends. After taking four bottles of the Elixir the corns and bunions had all banished. I think it the greatest remedy on earth, and shall recommend it to all my friends. Gratefully yours,

"AMELIA SQUARETOES."

You will have to wait only a few weeks before you will have plenty of genuine testimonials.

The stuff, if you compound it according to my prescription, will make a man so everlastingly sick that

when he gets well he will feel so grateful that he cannot help writing and telling you so.

To a young man possessing strict integrity and about seventeen dollars cash, the patent medicine business offers many attractions.

DENTISTRY.

Boys, you want to pay strict attention to what I say on this subject, because it is more complicated than the others and your ideas will be liable to get snarled if you get to thinking about anything else.

Dentistry is either a trade or a profession, according to the way you run it.

If you have a store with a large glass show-case with wax figures in it that run mostly to teeth and a stuffed monkey in the act of extracting a cat's incisors, then it is a trade.

of your patients; their shrieks will sort of inspire him, and he will sing better.

Don't be stingy about your operating chairs. Have two, and have good ones. Have machinery attached to them so that you can lower the patient to the cellar, or elevate him to the roof, just as you happen to take a notion.

Get an ice-water tank, attach a section of rubber hose to it, fill it with gas, hire your darky attendant—and there you are.

All you have to do now is to wait for patients.

I don't know any business in which you can accumulate more shekels and have more innocent fun in a given time than dentistry.

Suppose a fellow comes in that you don't like and wants a tooth filled.

Why, you can have more real, solid, harmless enjoyment with him in an hour than you could at a circus in a week, including matinees.

You can make him yell until the neighbors call out



THEY TAKE OUT THE RANGE AND LEAVE IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE KITCHEN FLOOR. THEN THEY GO AWAY.

But if you have a high-toned dissecting-room in a four-story brownstone house, with a silver-plated sign bearing the words "J. McMolar, D. D. S." and a coon in livery to admit your victims—in that case it is a profession.

I should advise you to run it as a profession, because there is more wealth in it if you get a good start.

We will suppose that you have sufficient capital to hire the parlor floor in a good-looking house in a good-looking neighborhood, for three months, and enough left over to buy mallets, key-hole saws and the other necessary tools, and to fix up the place in style.

Don't squander money on the tools, but just let yourself loose when it comes to furniture and decoration.

Most of your customers will be women, and such things go a long way with them.

Get an Axminster carpet, a parlor suit, with birds and things worked on it in silk, portieres, a lot of oil paintings and a canary bird.

Hang the bird where he can witness the sufferings

the fire department, simply by tickling a little exposed nerve with a darning needle; and nobody living can prove that you are not engaged in the legitimate practice of your chosen profession.

And the fellow himself won't know, but will feel grateful to you all the time.

Speaking of filling teeth, you always want to state while you are filling a cavity that you have discovered a new one which, if not attended to at once, will be liable to cause serious trouble.

If there really is a cavity, all right; if not, you can easily make one with that drilling machine that you work with your foot, and then you can fill it and charge for it.

In extracting teeth I advise the use of gas.

Fill the patient up to the neck with it, and when he is under its influence and imagines that he is on board a railroad train going at the rate of eight million miles an hour, you can have everything your own way.

If you are green at the profession you have no cause to be nervous, because the patient can't get onto you.

Just fix your tongs firmly around the diseased tooth and yank it out—you will do it ever so much better than you would if you knew that the cold, critical eye of the patient was fixed upon your face, trying to read your very soul.

In the case of a young lady you can imprint a chaste kiss upon her right cheek and take the chances of being chased by her big brother the next day.

You will have a good deal of fun in making sets of false teeth.

To do this, you first fill the patient's mouth with plaster, taking care to let a few ounces run down his wind-pipe.

Then sit down and hum "Comin' Through the Rye" until the plaster has hardened.

When it has assumed the consistency of a Philadelphia brick and the patient is nearly in the last agonies of dissolution, you can get to work again.

Open your victim's mouth and extract the plaster. It will come out in a solid chunk, and will prove to be a large and beautiful cast of his interior organism as far down as the bronchial tubes.

Then after he has gone stick a miscellaneous lot of teeth on a gold plate, make them look as much like the cast as you can, and charge him two hundred dollars for them.

In your odd moments you can go out into the back yard with a lump of chalk and a large mallet.

Pulverize the chalk with the mallet, fill small bottles with it, call it "Dr. McMolar's Scandinavian Tooth Powder," and sell it for fifty cents a bottle.

There are many other ways in which a dentist can satisfy his sense of humor, and at the same time coin money, but they will all suggest themselves to the young practitioner as time passes.

A youth of high principles and unswerving devotion to truth and to his art ought to make money in dentistry.

THE ICE BUSINESS.

To a young man with high ideals and some nerve the ice business offers "quite some" advantages.

A great amount of capital is not necessary.

Endeavor by strict attention to some other business to accumulate enough wealth to pay for a large yellow wagon with "Alaska Ice Co." (or something of the sort) painted on it, and an elderly bay horse of unobtrusive manners—and there you are.

The ice?

Oh, you can collect that during the preceding winter and store it down cellar.

The ice is a minor item.

But I will suggest a good way to obtain a stock of it.

Wait until about the 17th of next December.

Then watch the papers carefully.

When the weather forecaster says that there is going to be a spell of mild weather, with rising temperature and about 95 per cent. of humidity, prepare for business.

Turn the hose on your back yard that night and leave the water there until morning.

By that time the thermometer will have assumed a humiliated appearance, and the mercury will be vainly reaching for \$1.

Eat a hearty breakfast, and then go out with a hatchet and remove the ice from the yard.

Disconnect it from the paving-stones in chunks about 10x12 in size, sprinkle a little salt on it, and carefully lay it away in the cellar.

Then go to dinner.

About April 29th go down cellar and look at the ice.

If you find that it is just where you left it, return hurriedly upstairs and hitch the elderly horse to the yellow wagon.

After you have tied the animal to the earth (in order that he may not evaporate or otherwise evince a lack of interest in your affairs), return to the cellar.

Look at the ice again.

Then take a chunk of it under your right arm and remove it from the cellar to the yellow wagon.

After giving the horse a few oats, return to the cellar, and after falling down the four lowest steps, get another piece of ice and place it in the wagon.

Continue this process until you become fatigued, and then lie down and sleep heavily.

When you wake up climb into the driver's seat of the wagon, assume an air of cussedness and proceed.

Stop at the first decent-looking house you come to and state that you served them with ice last year and would like to continue the practice.

Stupefied by your debonair manner, the family will consent. After that you are all right.

Leave a big section of ice the first two or three days, and do not fail to converse affably with the servant girl.

After that you can have things pretty much your own way.

Make the hunk of ice smaller every week.

About July 11 state to your customers that on account of the ice famine last winter prices have risen and you are compelled to keep pace with them and charge fifteen cents a week more.

You will get the fifteen cents easily enough, and if you have a hundred or so customers you will find that it will count up in the long run.

If you have integrity enough you will get along in the ice business.

EDITING.

Editing is a profession.

The principal difference between a trade and a profession is that one requires nerve and other doesn't.

It is the profession in which nerve is necessary.

It is quite easy to become an editor.

All that you need is a pair of eye-glasses, scissors, a blue pencil, a paste pot and an affable manner.

It would be handy to have a paper, too.

Without a paper you could scarcely be called an editor.

This seems strange and weird to a beginner, but it is strictly true.

It is quite easy to edit a paper.

I will tell you how to do it.

First procure your position.

Then seat yourself at your desk.

(If you wish, you can stand, but most editors prefer to be seated.)

Assume a benignant but firm expression, take the blue pencil between the thumb and first finger of the right hand—and there you are.

You will then be an editor.

At first you may not realize it, but in time you will, and if you attend to business conscientiously for a few weeks, you will not feel very different from other people.

HOTEL CLERKING.

This, like editing, is a profession.

It is harder to be a good hotel clerk than it is to be a good editor, but it pays better, and you have the respect of the community.

A good suit of clothes, a diamond stud and a lofty manner are the principal requisites.

Having acquired these, procure a position.

Study carefully the pronunciation of the word "Front," as you will be likely to have to use it at frequent intervals during your professional career.

With the above-mentioned accomplishments, there is no reason why you should not in time own a hotel of your own.

THE WEATHER PROPHET BUSINESS.

This is one of the easiest businesses going, and requires no previous education.

To conduct it successfully, you require a tall tower, a far-away look and a clerk.

Sit and read the paper most of the day.

From time to time make a guess about the weather, and communicate it to the clerk, who will record it, and give it to the world the next day.

The guesses will be sure to be wrong, and people will feel hard and vindictive toward you, especially if you predict a cool wave and then the thermometer goes up to 98 in the shade.

But you can't help that; it is not your fault; you are a weather prophet, and couldn't guess right if you wanted to.

THE HUMORIST BUSINESS.

Humorists are born, not made.

I know this from experience.

I was born myself some time ago.

I became a humorist at an early age, but was not aware of the fact until some years later.

I was quite pleased when I discovered it, and began to utilize my phenomenal gifts very soon.

My method was, and still is, this:

I procure several sheets of paper and lay them on a perfectly flat desk.

I then obtain a pen and some ink and try to think of something to write.

After a time I usually succeed.

Then I write it.

This done, I put the manuscript in a large yellow envelope, inclose stamps for its return in case the editor has had a bad dinner, and send it.

After that I wait for a check.

Occasionally I get one.

Humorizing is an arduous business, but there is so much standing around in it that it offers many advantages to a person of phlegmatic temperament.

(Thus ends Mr. Bighead's valuable contribution, which we regret, for the reason that it now becomes necessary for us to wade through another manuscript to help fill up. The following batch of short articles is anonymous. FRED.)

THE OTHER SIDE.

Give the E. R. R. brakeman a chance. Suppose he does indulge occasionally in Volapuk—just see what provocation he has.

Take for instance the following dialogue, overheard the other day at the Chatham Square station:

Brakeman—Change cars for Fulton and South Ferries. This train goes to the City Hall.

Nervous Passenger—Is this the South Ferry train?

Brakeman—No, sir; change cars.

Nervous Passenger—Where?

Brakeman—Here.

Nervous Passenger—Why didn't you say so? (Exit.)

Brakeman—All aboard.

Excitable Old Lady—Is this my train?

Brakeman—I don't know, ma'am. Where do you want to go?

Excitable Old Lady—Wa-al, I'm goin' ter my sister in Brooklyn, an'—

Brakeman—Do you want to go by the Bridge?

Excitable Old Lady—Massy sakes, no! I'm goin' ter take the Saouth Ferry, 'cause—

Brakeman—Change cars, then; look lively, please.

Excitable Old Lady—Hey?

Brakeman—Step off, please. You're keeping—

Excitable Old Lady—Yeour sure yeou're right, young man? They told me up ter Forty-second street that—

Brakeman—Will you step off, ma'am?

Excitable Old Lady—No, young man, I won't, not till you tell me— (Brakeman rings bell, and train starts. Old lady indulges in frantic denunciations of the unlucky employee, and is immediately surrounded by a group of sympathetic passengers. And the next day the "Morning Universe" contains an account of another unprovoked outrage on the part of an E. R. R. brakeman.)

There are two sides to every question.

HE GOT THEM FOR NOTHING.

McJones recently obtained two deadhead tickets for a theatrical performance in this city.

At box-office rates they would have cost him \$3.

But he did not want to pay box-office rates, and he schemed to secure them free of charge.

He succeeded.

The incidental expenses of the campaign were as follows:

Car fare expended in hunting up manager,	\$0.60
Cigars for friend who introduced him to manager,	.50

Liquid refreshment for same,	.30
Luncheon,	3.75
Hansom hire,	1.50
One half day's time taken from business,	3.00
Grand total,	\$9.65

And yet McJones firmly believes that he saved \$3, and he is going to try the experiment on another manager next week.

Truly the ways of the D. H. fiend are past comprehension.

CLAUDIO HIGGINS' VICTORY.

A SASSIETY NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESALLIANCE.

Mrs. de Smythe sat in the luxuriously furnished drawing-room of her Madison avenue mansion.

Around her was a profusion of yellow satin furniture—one article of which she sat in herself—genuine oil paintings and other frivolities.

She herself was gorgeously caparisoned, yet there was an expression of high-toned agony upon her more or less aristocratic features.

Nature had been generous in dealing out features to Mrs. de Smythe, so that she was able to express a good deal of agony at once.

In her hand was a letter. It was from her daughter, Gladys, a high-strung, expensively-educated young thing of sixteen.

Let us avail ourselves of a novelist's privilege and yank it from her grasp and hold it in full view of the cold, critical reader.

It stated that she had eloped with Claudio Higgins, a poor but haughty clerk in old Mr. de Smythe's banking-house.

He was not only impecunious, but plebian, while in Mrs. de Smythe's veins pranced blood warranted to be of real indigo hue.

"Mong Dew!" remarked the unhappy woman, in real good French. "Likewise sacre blue!"

Old Polonious de Smythe entered.

This seems to be a good place to start in on a brand-new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

"Our child," murmured Mrs. de Smythe, "has contracted a mesalliance."

"You don't mean it!" cried the old man. "How did it happen? Does the doctor think she'll get over it?"

"You do not understand me," wailed the wretched mother. "There's a blot upon our escutcheon."

"Well, I shouldn't have noticed it," said Mr. de Smythe, scanning the furniture critically. "We'll have it moved out and get a new one to-morrow."

Mrs. de Smythe explained that the escutcheon was only the picture of a crow that they recently had painted on the carriage panels, and the old man heaved a sigh of relief.

But when he was informed in English of his daughter's elopement he was real cross, and did the irascible pater act very neatly.

His principal reasons for objecting to Claudio Higgins were that the youth had no money, and was so notoriously and disgustingly scrupulous that it seemed very unlikely he would ever acquire any.

Mrs. de Smythe's objections were of a different brand.

"I cannot forget," she moaned, "that I am a Van Jenkins, and that my par never did a day's work in his life."

"That's so," said the banker, brokenly, "though your grandpar did lay over any one in our town sawing wood."

With a low cry Mrs. de Smythe indulged in a Sara Bernhardt faint.

CHAPTER III.

LATER ON.

Two years had passed.

One morning in November there were two new arrivals in a Montreal hotel.

They were Polonious de Smythe and his wife.

They had left New York, being unable to take it with them, two days before.

They had all their available assets with them.

It was the old, old story—a sorrowing set of bank directors, a little empty safe, a president gone forever and aye.

As the couple entered the hotel they were met by an elegantly-dressed lady and gentleman.

"We have been expecting you, Mr. de Smythe," said the former, touching his hat. "We saw full particulars in the morning papers. But don't you know me?"

It was Claudio Higgins and his bride.

"Don't know you and don't want to know you," replied the haughty president.

"Is it possible that you have not heard?" cried Higgins.

"I've heard a good deal. What are you giving me?"

"Just this: Last week I was cashier in a Chicago bank, to-day I am here."

"Yes, yes!" gasped the old man. "Go on!"

"Well, there is a widespread feeling of regret at my departure in Chicago, and also at the disappearance of four hundred and twelve thousand dollars and eighty-nine cents."

"My noble boy!" exclaimed the old banker, grasping the young man's hand. "I never dreamed that you had it in you. Oh, how cruelly I have wronged you!"

"That's what you have. And more, I have papers in my pocket which prove that none of my family for three generations had earned a cent by honest labor, and that my father once shook hands with an English baronet. Talk about blood!"

Mrs. de Smythe could not speak.
 She only wept upon the young man's shirt-front.
 All was at last forgiven and forgotten.
 Such is the result of integrity and attention to business.

PART III.

A PROMISING LAD.

(I give the following remarkable letter in full just as I received it. When I read such things it makes me feel very sorry that I was so bold and bad when I was a few years younger, and that I caused my kind, indulgent friends so much suffering. I do not think that

I had lots of fun that way till he got onto the idea. I think some one told him.

Anyhow, he used to buy the paper as soon as it came out and read the Bones article, and then of course he would be all ready for me, and my little second-hand racket would be a teetotal fizzle.

I found this out at last when I sent him a note in a female hand signed "Birdie," and asking him to meet a young lady, who was devotedly attached to him, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street, that evening.

My idea was to have a big gang of fellows there to guy him.

That is a trick that you and your pard played once, you know, and I thought it would work a second time just as well.

But it didn't.

Par had seen the last number of the paper and he caught right on.

About five minutes after the postman brought the letter he sent for me to come up to his room.



MRS. DE SMYTHE COULD NOT SPEAK. SHE ONLY WEPT UPON THE YOUNG MAN'S SHIRT FRONT.
 ALL WAS AT LAST FORGIVEN AND FORGOTTEN.

Fred will have to do any editing on this; he can go to the mountain for a week and recuperate. BONES.)

DEAR MR. BONES—I want you to give me a little advice about how to manage my par.

I have a great deal of trouble with him on account of his unruly, obstreperous ways, and I have done what I could to make him understand that all flesh is grass, but I am afraid that he is going to keep on just the same unless you can do something for me.

I think you can, because I have read all about you in "Golden Hours," and it seems to me you are about the right person to apply to.

If you could think up as many jobs as you did when you were a boy you must be able to do a little more in the same line now.

I used to sit up till twelve and one o'clock at night reading about the different snaps you used to work on old General Mulqueen and others, and then I would work them on my par the next day.

When I got there I found that he had obtained possession of a shingle somewhere, and had a bad look in his eye.

I was going to run away, but he caught me by the collar.

Then he shut the door.

Well, sir, he caressed my pants with that shingle till I thought their days of usefulness were over for good.

Then he let me go, telling me that if I ever tried to work any more rackets on my poor old par, who had already one foot in the grave, he would wallop me to such an extent that I would have to retire from all participation in the joys of the bright, busy world for at least six weeks.

Since that I have had to think up my own rackets, and I have done pretty well considering my youth.

But I have always had par's good at heart, and have tried to put up jobs on him that would make him a wiser and better man.

He is still far from perfect, however, and that is why

I am writing to you to see what you think I had better do next.

You noticed that par said he had one foot in the grave.

One foot in nothing!

He is as healthy a man as there is this side of the Rockies, but he always thinks there is something the matter with him.

I made up my mind that I would try to cure him of this, and I tell you, sir, I worked hard.

I had some fun, too, I can tell you.

Do you remember the time of the small-pox scare?

The papers were full of it, and big drops of sweat used to run down par's face as he'd read about it in the morning papers.

"Ten more cases yesterday!" he would groan. "This is awful! The small-pox is the most dreadful pestilence that ever visited a Christian community. And it'll be nothing strange if I'm the next victim. My business carries me into all sorts of places, and I shouldn't wonder if you had a very sick man on your hands before long, Maria."

Mar, she just laughed and said she guessed he'd pull through.

Then he got pretty mad and said he gave her credit for having more feeling.

He said that after all they had been to each other he should have thought that the idea of having her husband carried off by small-pox would have moved her to tears rather than laughter.

But she only laughed again, and said she'd save her tears for his funeral, and then he got mad and rushed out and slammed the door.

Par is an insurance agent, and I s'pose he did have to go into the infected districts sometimes, and stood a chance of catching the disease.

I thought mar was kind of cruel to laugh; but I decided that if she didn't have no sympathy for her own husband that she had sworn to love, cherish and protect till death did him part it, wasn't worth my while to worry enough to undermine my health.

What good would my worrying do par?

My duty was to try and divert his mind somehow or other.

That afternoon mar went to spend a week with her sister, and at night the hired girl went to a wake, so I was all alone in the house.

I thought it was mean in par to leave a child like me all alone till twelve o'clock at night, but it was only what I expected, for he always stays out late when mar is away.

I had a couple of fellows in to spend the evening with me, and we kept on the watch for par.

Just about twelve o'clock we saw two of his friends bringing him home.

They stood him up against the door, and then they rang the bell and left him.

We went down and opened the door, and he fell in.

He muttered something about having been foully assassinated, and then went to sleep.

We carried him up to his room, and we painted his face all over with red spots that looked as near like small-pox marks as we knew how.

Then the other fellows went home and I went to bed.

About seven o'clock in the morning I heard par moving around in his room, and I went in.

He said:

"Henry, I'm a sick man. I have eaten something that has disagreed with me."

Then I said:

"Heavens! I should think you had, par! Why, look at your face!"

He looked in the mirror, and you ought to have seen the expression on his face.

"Good gracious!" he hollered, "what I feared has come. Henry, I have got the small-pox. Keep away from me or you'll catch it."

I said no matter. I knew my duty, and would nurse him through the attack at the risk of my own life.

Then he said I was a noble boy, and I said that was all right.

Then he began to cry.

If there is anything that makes me sick it is to see a man cry, and I told him I guessed he had better go to bed and cover up warm.

He got into bed and I piled the blankets on him and told him I would go down and make him a cup of hot tea.

Then he said:

"Henry, I have one request to make of you; it may be the last."

And I said:

"What is it, par? Would you like to have me send for the undertaker to take your measure, so that you may be sure before you breathe your last that you will not be disgraced by having a misfit coffin?"

He said no, that was not what he wanted, but he thought I had better telegraph for mar, as he had a few last words to gurgle in her ear before his spirit took its upward or downward flight as the case might be.

But I said:

"No, par; I alone will nurse you, and I have hopes that I shall pull you through if you strictly follow my directions. While there is life there is hope."

Then par cried again and said he was the father of a young hero, and I said I guessed that was about the size of it.

I had a regular snap, you see.

As long as I could keep him in bed I wouldn't have to go to school, and I might cure him of his notion that he always had some new-fangled disease.

"Well, you must send for Dr. Gulps at once, anyhow," he said.

Dr. Gulps is our family physician, and I knew he would give the whole thing away if he came, so I said:

"I regret to say, par, that Dr. Gulps is out of town on his semi-annual vacation. But I'll send for the new doctor down the street. He is trying hard to establish himself here, and will do his level best to restore you to health."

Par said:

"All right, get him as quick as you can, for I am sinking fast."

So I went out and pretty soon I came back with one of the fellows that had been with me the night before.

He was fixed up with a false beard and things and par didn't dream who it was.

"Doctor," he says, "tell me the worst, I can bear it. What ails me?"

Well, my friend felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue and stuck a thermometer down his throat to find out his temperature, and then he said:

"This is a serious case, Mr. Snedeker."

And par said:

"Is—is—is it the small-pox?"

"That's just what it is, and a bad case at that!"

"Do you think I shall recover, doctor?" groaned par.

"That is impossible to say at the present stage of the disease," said my friend. "However, we will hope for the best. With the aid of your son here, who seems an unusually serious-minded, self-sacrificing boy, I may be able to save your life. But you must follow my directions to the letter."

"I will, doctor."

"Be very quiet."

"Yes, doctor."

"On no account get out of bed."

"No, doctor."

"I shall give my instructions as to your treatment to Henry, and you must do exactly as he says."

"I will."

"Here is some medicine for you. It is to be taken in two doses."

He pulled out of his pocket a half-pint flask of whisky that he had poured out of par's demijohn.

fifty per cent. better already. Ain't it most time for another dose?"

I said no, he must wait four hours.

Then he wanted some breakfast, but I told him the doctor's orders were that he should only have a bowl of gruel.

He didn't like this much, but he was afraid to make many objections.

So I went down to the kitchen and let the servant-girl into the snap, and paid her fifty cents to keep mum, and got her to make the gruel.

I went up and fed it to par.

He didn't like it much, but I made him take every drop.

When he had finished he said:

"How do I look, Henry?"

"Bad, very bad," I told him. "You have got lots more spots on your face than you had."

"And ain't you afraid to stay here and expose yourself in this manner?"



I GOT THE SERVANT GIRL TO MAKE SOME GRUEL, AND WENT UP AND FED IT TO PAR. HE DIDN'T LIKE IT MUCH, BUT I MADE HIM TAKE EVERY DROP.

"You must take this in two doses," he said, "one now and one in four hours."

Then he gave par a glass of the stuff, and par drank it and smacked his lips.

"Is the taste unpleasant, Mr. Snedeker?" asked the doctor.

"Darned if it is," said par. "Why, it tastes like old rye, and good rye at that."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Snedeker," said the doctor; "your system is so saturated with alcohol that everything tastes like it to you. This is one of the most powerful drugs known to medical science. But I must be going; I have four other small-pox cases to attend to this morning. Henry, come to the door with me, and I will give you your instructions."

When I went back to par the whisky was getting in its work and he was feeling pretty good.

He was sitting up in bed, and says he:

"Henry, that's blamed good medicine. Why, I feel

"No, sir," I said. "I am never afraid to do what I feel is my duty."

Then he said he was proud of me, and I said I must go out and put straw in the middle of the street as the doctor had told me, so that the passing carriages would not injure his nerves.

And par said:

"Am I as bad as that?"

I just shook my head and went out.

I got a lot of straw and covered the cobble stones with it, and it made par awful nervous to hear the wagons rumbling over it.

That afternoon the minister stopped to ask who was sick, and I went to the door and told him it was par.

"Is he seriously ill?" asked the minister.

I knew that the door of par's room was open, and that he could hear every word, so I said:

"We fear that he will never get up; but we are trying to keep the truth from him."

When I went up par did look sick and no mistake.

He said:

"I know the worst, Henry; I have overheard all."

I made believe cry, and then par spouted a lot of last wishes and lay back on his pillow and tried to die.

But it was no go—he was too healthy.

Well, I can't tell you all the fun I had that day and the next; but, as luck would have it, mar came home ahead of time the day after that, and she caught on to the racket the first thing and gave it away.

If par wasn't mad he never was, and I don't know as I blame him.

Before he got his clothes on I was out of the house, and I didn't go back until the next day.

Then didn't I catch it?

Maybe not.

But I won't say anything about that part.

It was weeks before I tried to work another racket on him, but in the meantime he kept on imagining he had all kinds of diseases.

Par is a big eater, and gets fatter all the time.

One day awhile ago somebody told him that they thought he had the dropsy.

Well, as soon as he got this idea into his head he couldn't think of anything else, and in a day or two he was dead sure that he was suffering agonies from dropsy.

About this time mar went out of town again, and I thought it would be a good time to put up another little job on par.

So after he had got to bed one night I went to his room and took all his clothes away and put others in their place.

He and his brother, my Uncle George, have suits just alike, but Uncle George is a good deal smaller man than par.

I went to Uncle George, and explained what I was going to do, and asked him to lend me his suit, and he laughed and said:

"Take it; and I hope your scheme will succeed."

I put the suit in par's room, and a shirt, and socks and shoes, all a couple of sizes too small.

Well, about six o'clock in the morning I heard par hollering:

"Henry, Henry."

I went into his room and found him standing in front of the glass as white as a sheet.

"Oh, par," I said, "what is the matter with you? Why, you look all swelled up!"

"So you notice it, do you, Henry?" says par, with a terrible groan.

"Notice it! I should say I did." I told him. "What does it mean?"

"It means, Henry, that your par is a dead man. Henry, I cannot get any of my clothes on. I am in the last stages of dropsy."

I began to sob, and I said:

"What are you going to do about it, par?"

"Nothing can be done, my son. Dropsy, when it gets as far as mine has, is incurable."

"Then you had better get into bed and die as easy as you can," I said.

It was good advice, and par took it, and I might have kept him in bed two or three days, only he sent for Dr. Gulps in the afternoon while I was out playing football, and the doctor exposed the racket, and when I got home I found par waiting for me with a strap.

Now, Mr. Bones, I've done all I can think of to make

a man of par, but I guess I'll have to give up unless you can put me onto something new.

What do you advise?

Regards to Bolivar.

Yours truly,

HENRY SNEDEKER.

(I decline to advise; but if Henry will send his par round to my house I'll give the old man a few words of counsel.—BONES.)

PART IV.

I.

REMINISCENCES OF A PARROT.

My first recollections are of an African forest, filled with luxuriant vegetation, snakes and other tropical luxuries.

I might fill a column or more with a description of my early home, but I won't for two reasons.

In the first place I was taken away from my native land at such an early age that I don't remember much about it; and, anyhow, I'm not much on the describe.

Besides, the reader would expect a high-flown poetical description, full of figures of speech and things of that nature, and as I am an eminently practical, matter-of-fact bird, I couldn't fill the bill.

So I pass on the description, simply saying that it was a very hot country and a good one to get away from.

One day, when I was a few months old—I can't tell just what my age was, for I had no way of reckoning time then—my mother said to me:

"You want to be mighty careful where you go for the next week or so."

"How's that?" I asked with some interest, for there was something in her manner that showed me she was agitated by some thought of more than ordinary importance.

"Well, it's just this way," she replied, looking fearfully around her. "There's a ship in port."

"Oh, mamma," I interrupted, clapping my wings excitedly, "do you really mean that?"

"Of course I do."

"Oh, I'm so glad! We can go and see it, can't we?"

"We just can't," she replied, with a good deal of decision.

"Why not?" I asked, beginning to cry. "I never saw a ship in all my life."

"I hope you never will," said my mother, earnestly.

"Why?" I whined.

"Because they are manned by people from a far-off country, strange, horrible people, whose skin is white instead of black like that of the people here."

An exclamation of horror escaped my beak.

The idea of a white man seemed dreadful to me, I don't know why.

"These people," continued my mother, impressively, "come here with cargoes of rum, and go back with all sorts of valuable things, including, I must not neglect to state, parrots."

"Do they really steal parrots without saying so much as 'by your leave,' and carry them away?" I screamed.

"That's just what they do."

"Are you sure?" I persisted, for I was rather a doubting bird. "Isn't this just a yarn that you're getting up to keep me near home?"

"Indeed it is not," replied my mother, a ring of indignation in her voice. "Do you suppose I would tell a lie? I know what I am talking about; I was captured by one of these sailors myself once."

"You?" I exclaimed. "Oh, mother, why didn't you ever tell me about it before?"

"Because," replied my mother, "the very thought of that experience has humiliated me so much ever since that I have scarcely allowed myself to think of it. I was old enough to know better than to make such a fool of myself as I did."

"Well, how did it all happen, anyway?" I asked. "Now that you've said so much you may as well make a clean breast of it."

"I suppose so," said my mother, not without reluctance. "Well, it was like this: I heard that there was a ship in port, as you have heard to-day, and like you I wanted to get a look at it and the people who served as its crew."

"Yes, yes!" I cried, breathlessly, as my mother stopped to bow to a passing chimpanzee.

"I ventured to the edge of the forest, and should have gone farther had I not suddenly been confronted by a tall, stout man in a blue suit, who, instinct told me, was one of the very strangers that I had been so anxious to see."

"What did you do?" I cried, my frame trembling with excitement.

"I turned to flee, but as I did so I heard the sailor's voice calling me. It was quite a low, gentle voice, and I turned. In his hand he held something that I afterward ascertained was a sea-biscuit, a species of comestible of which, I am informed, civilized parrots are remarkably fond. 'Come here, Polly,' he said, holding out the biscuit. I was very hungry, and the sailor looked harmless enough, so I advanced slowly toward him. He remained perfectly quiet, and the expression on his face was as mild and childlike as you could possibly imagine. 'He's all right,' I said to myself, and I stepped more quickly. I took a bite of the cracker, and it was good. I took another, and then——"

"Then what?" I fairly screeched.

"Then," said my mother, "he grabbed me and flung me into a bag."

"What's a bag?" I demanded, for I had never seen or heard of one before.

"You'll know what it is if you get too near those foreigners," said my mother, significantly. "Well, he took me to the ship and put me in a wooden cage. It was a lucky thing for me that parrots understand all languages, for I was able to learn his intentions toward me. It seemed that he meant to take me to a strange, barbarous country called America, and sell me. After he had exhibited me to all his shipmates he left me alone on deck in my cage to meditate. Then I began an examination of the cage, and discovered to my delight that it was a very shaky affair indeed."

"And you escaped, didn't you?" I interrupted, with wide open beak.

"Well, if I hadn't I shouldn't be here, should I?" returned my mother pettishly. "But I wish you'd keep quiet and let me tell my story in my own way. As I was about to say when you disturbed the current of my thoughts, I took one of the flimsy bars of my cage in my beak and snapped it in two. I did the

same with another bar and then I stepped out of the cage."

"Free!" I exclaimed.

"Not yet, I had to get off the ship. I jumped up on the rail and flew off. No one saw me; and, to make a long story short, I managed to get back to the forest after encountering unheard-of perils."

"And is that all?" I asked, a little disappointed.

"All?" exclaimed my mother. "Well, what did you expect—that I had been drawn and quartered? All? I should think it was quite enough. I am the only parrot ever stolen from this forest that returned alive, and my adventures have been the wonder of the community for many a long year. All? Well, I'll be blessed!"

And my mother turned her back upon me indignantly, and flew off to another tree.

Poor, simple-minded old soul! what were her adventures to those that I, her son, have been compelled to undergo?

But I must not anticipate.

My mother's story haunted me day and night, and at last I made up my mind that I must see these strange white men and their wonderful ship.

"I'll venture it, come what may!" I said to myself one morning, and no sooner had I made the resolution than with characteristic firmness and energy I started for the edge of the forest.

I reached it without any adventure worthy of mention, and boldly stalked out into the open country.

The sea lay before me, and on its bosom rocked a stately ship, her sails all furled.

"Well, this is something like life," I said to myself. "Now I am seeing the world. And what possible danger can there be? The idea is ridiculous! Guess I'll go a little nearer."

At this moment I was seized in a pair of very strong and very black hands.

I had been captured by a native!

I struggled desperately to free myself from his clutches, but it was of no use; he was a good deal bigger and stronger than I.

He bore me toward the sea. On our way we were met by a man whom I at once recognized as a sailor from my mother's description.

In less than three minutes that native had swapped me for a half-pint flask of rum, and had drank the rum.

Pardon me if I do not linger on the humiliating details of that transaction; it makes my blood boil to think that at one period of my career I was so little appreciated.

The sailor, whose name was Dick Dowling, took me on board the ship—a bark, it was—and its name was the Maria Jane.

He put me in a cage—not a wooden one, but a very strong, substantial, metal affair, upon the bars of which I could make no impression at all.

Two days later the Maria Jane sailed, and from its deck I caught one last glimpse of the African forest where the days of my innocent childhood had been spent.

I knew that I should never see my mother again, but I did not repine.

Of what use would it have been?

I am a philosophic bird, and I thought to myself:

"What's the use of undermining my constitution by fretting? The old lady will have one less to look out for, and I shall see the world. The chances are that

it will be the best thing that could have happened for both of us."

This may seem heartless to you, reader, but it is solid common sense, all the same.

Well, I had lots of fun on that voyage.

I picked up a great many English words, and long before we reached Boston could converse quite well.

What amused me most was the astonishment of the sailors at my remarks.

They all agreed that I was the smartest parrot they had ever seen, that no bird had ever learned so many words and phrases in so short a time.

"Well," thought I, "what sort of parrots have you been in the habit of dealing with, anyhow? Why, nine in ten of my play-fellows could do as well as I."

But I suppose the explanation of it is that, as a rule, it is only the very stupid birds that are caught.

Of course I was a grand exception.

A day or two before we reached Boston I heard Dick Dowling talking with some of his mates about how he intended to dispose of me.

"The bird's worth fifty dollars of any man's money," he said, "and I ain't goin' tew dispose of him for a cent less."

"Oh, make it a hundred," I broke in. "Don't throw a good thing away."

I don't know exactly why I said it, but it struck me that it would be an appropriate remark.

Its effect on Dick Dowling quite surprised me.

Slapping his knee with great force, he said:

"Did ye hear that, mates? By Jingo! there never was such a bird! I'll take him at his word; he don't go for less'n a cool hundred."

Dick meant well—I give him credit for that—but a certain weakness of his prevented him from carrying out his purpose.

When he went on shore he took me with him, and I tell you I was astonished at everything I saw.

I would linger a while on my first impressions, but I haven't time.

Within ten minutes after we left the bark we were anchored in a liquor saloon, and Dick was pouring rum down his throat in a manner that really startled me.

"Quit that!" I called out to him several times, but he didn't pay any attention to me.

Everybody else in the saloon did, however, the proprietor in particular.

They talked to me, and really seemed astonished that I answered back.

At last, when Dick was about half seas over, the landlord, a fat old Englishman, proposed to buy me for four dollars, and to my astonishment Dick said:

"It's a bargain."

"Are you crazy, or what's the matter with you?" I screamed in my highest, most impressive falsetto.

Everybody in the saloon burst out laughing, but Dick let his head drop on the table and fell asleep.

Well, the next morning, when Dick was sober, he wanted to return the four dollars and have me back again, but Mr. Griggles, the landlord, wouldn't hear to that, and he had to walk sorrowfully out of the place without me.

I was sorry myself to part company with him, but I was pretty mad at having been sold for such a paltry sum, and I shouted after him:

"Good riddance!"

"Hi'm going to hadvertise that 'ere bird," said Mr.

Griggles to his wife, "an' me name's not 'Arry Griggles hif Hi don't make a bloomink good think hof it."

He did advertise me that very evening in two of the papers. I heard him read the advertisement to his wife, and I must say it was highly complimentary to me in all respects.

At about nine o'clock the next morning I heard Mr. Griggles exclaim in a hoarse whisper:

"Stag 'is nibs!"

I didn't know what this meant, but as I saw him looking toward the door, I looked, too.

A tall, thin, sanctimonious-looking, elderly man was in the act of entering.

He paused on the threshold, gazed around him with a shocked look, and exclaimed:

"Er—I did not suppose it was a place of this class!"

He was about to turn and take his leave, but as he amused me, I shouted:

"Oh, come right in and take a chair!"

He looked back, and a sort of a smile lighted up his face.

He did come in, and he said to Mr. Griggles:

"Is that the parrot you advertised?"

"You come to see habout 'im, sir? Yes, sir," said Griggles, "that's 'im, an' a dandier bird 'as never been brought to Boston. Speaks six languages, an' is as gentle an' 'armless as a babe."

"Now you stop!" I said.

(I had heard the servant girl say that to Griggles that very morning when he tried to kiss her in the hall.)

The old man laughed.

"He doesn't use any bad language, does he?" he inquired; "because I have a family growing up, and——"

"Lor' bless ye, no, sir," said Griggles. "Why, 'e learned all 'e knows in a clergyman's fam'ly, an' 'e'd be there now honly the clergyman died an' the things was sold hat hauction."

This was a corker, but I didn't say a word, for I was sick of the saloon already and wanted the old man to buy me.

"How much do you want for him?" asked the old chap.

"Well, sir," said Griggles, with just as innocent a face as if he'd been telling the truth, "Hi didn't buy 'im for to make money, but honly to 'elp the widder hout, hand Hi'll sell 'im for just what Hi paid."

"And how much was that?" asked the old man.

"Just two 'undred dollars."

The old fellow wouldn't hear to paying two hundred dollars for me, and four or five times I thought negotiations were off altogether, and would say a word or two to sort of stimulate the old man.

At last a bargain was concluded, and I became the property of Mr. Ebenezer Sturgis for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Now what?" thought I to myself, as my new owner bore me away in triumph. "I seem to be a profitable sort of bird to own. Dick Dowling got me for ten cents' worth of rum and sold me for four dollars, and old man Griggles has made a cool hundred and forty-six dollars by disposing of me. By gracious, I think I ought to come in for a percentage!"

I began to feel mad as I thought how little I was getting out of the transactions in which I was really the principal one interested; but I felt a good deal better when, on the way home, Mr. Sturgis took me into

a bird-store and purchased a gorgeous fifteen-dollar cage for me.

"This is something like!" I thought, as I was transferred to the new cage, and I remarked aloud:

"No insects on this."

(This was one of poor Dick's favorite expressions.)

The store-keeper laughed and said:

"That's a great bird, deacon. Any time you want to sell him give me the first chance."

Thus I learned that my new owner was a deacon.

He said he didn't believe he'd want to sell me, that he had bought me for his wife, who had taken a notion that a parrot was what she needed to complete her earthly happiness, and that he thought I would amuse the children a good deal.

"That depends!" thought I to myself, for I am not over-fond of children.

Well, Deacon Sturgis' house turned out to be a very elegant place.

That tickled me half to death.

But that evening one of the meanest tricks you ever heard of was played on me.

A prayer meeting was held at the house, and just before the folks assembled Horatio Sturgis, the son, gave me a grown man's dose of whisky.

I liked it, and I drank it all, and—

Well, you can imagine the result.

I was intoxicated—drunk.

When the prayer meeting got fairly started I was drowsy and wanted to go to sleep, but they made so much noise that I couldn't.

Then I got mad and I began to swear.

Well, I did use some pretty strong language that time.

I broke the prayer meeting up for a while.

They had to take me down cellar and put me in the coal-bin.

The next morning I was all right, but didn't my head ache!



THOSE THREE CHILDREN NEARLY DROVE ME CRAZY THAT DAY, FEEDING ME PIECES OF WOOD AND THINGS LIKE THAT; AND I GOT SO MAD THAT I SWORE AT THE YOUNGEST ONE.

He only acted as deacon on Sundays; during the week he ran a big dry-goods store and coined money.

He had five children—four daughters and one son.

One of the daughters was grown up, the son was about seventeen, and the other three were all under ten.

Well, those three younger children nearly drove me crazy that day, sticking their fingers into my cage, feeding me pieces of wood and things like that; and at last I got so mad that I swore at the youngest one.

Yes, sir, I swore at her—one of the big, soul-satisfying oaths that I had learned on shipboard.

She ran off to tell her mother, and I got scared for fear I'd be bounced.

So when I heard the old lady coming I began to sing with all my might:

"I'm but a pilgrim here."

When Mrs. Sturgis heard that she wouldn't believe her daughter, and the girl got a thrashing.

There was some talk of selling me, but as I behaved well for the next few days they decided to keep me.

I had lots more fun in that family—why, I haven't begun to tell you about it.

II.

As I said before, everything went well for some time after that unlucky prayer meeting affair.

Nobody knew, of course, that I was under the influence of alcohol when I misbehaved.

I tried to tell the family all about it, and to expose Horatio in his true colors, but my command of the English language was not sufficient to enable me to do so, and nobody could understand a word I said.

But I had it in for Horatio; I meant to get even with him some day, if I had to wait a year. I never did, however.

I was pained to learn that my little lapse from the straight path had caused a breach between Deacon Sturgis and his pastor.

The reverend gentleman chose to lay my sins on the deacon's shoulders and to claim that if my master had not taught me the wicked words I had uttered they would never have escaped my beak.

It was vain for the deacon to protest his innocence and assert that I had been bred and educated in a clergyman's family; the parson would not believe him, and threatened to make a church matter of it—whatever that meant.

The upshot of it all was that Deacon Sturgis resigned from the church and joined another one; and I noticed that he never had another prayer meeting in his house after that eventful night.

I felt awfully sorry that all this trouble had been made by the demon Rum, aided and abetted by Horatio Sturgis, and I made up my mind that not another drop of the accursed stuff should ever pass my beak except for medicinal purposes.

I got along well with the family for a long time.

They were a little afraid of me for several weeks after the prayer meeting, but I behaved very well, and did not say a naughty word, except once when one of the children tried to feed me a nail, and I bit on it, thinking that it was licorice.

Then I did fire off one of Dick Dowling's oaths, much to the annoyance of every one, myself included.

But I couldn't help it, and the family passed it over very nicely—I give them credit for that.

They taught me a great many very pretty religious and sentimental songs, which I used to—and still do—carol sweetly when occasion demands.

Horatio taught me a song, too, though I didn't want to learn it because I didn't want to have anything to do with him.

But he kept singing it round my cage, and it had a sort of swing to it that I liked, and the first thing I knew I was warbling it, too.

It was a nigger song, and Deacon Sturgis didn't like it, so it was unlucky that I broke in with it one evening when the whole family were chanting "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

But I did, and had to be put out of the room.

But that was nothing compared with the break I made after I had been in the house about six months.

The oldest girl, whose name was Angelina, had a beau.

This fellow, who answered to the name of Wellington Smith, was chief-engineer of a ribbon-counter in a big down-town store at a salary of ten dollars per week.

All this I learned from conversations that I overheard between different members of the family.

I also became aware of the fact that Deacon Sturgis did not approve of Smith's suit, and had forbidden him the house.

This seemed to me perfectly proper on the deacon's part, and I was really shocked when I heard Angelina tell her younger sister that she was going to have Wellington call, no matter what "par" had said, and when her sister replied:

"That's just where you're right, Angie. I'll stand by you—you can depend on that."

"Well," thought I, "I ought, as a friend of the family, to do something about this. But, after all, what's the use? I shall receive no thanks, and the chances are I shall only get myself into a scrape. No, I'll let Deacon Sturgis run his family his own way."

I should have stuck to this resolution, but circumstances compelled me to alter my plans.

That very night, while the deacon and his wife were at a church sociable, young Smith called.

I had seen him before, but I never took a good, square look at him until then.

He looked like most all ribbon-counter clerks—light-blue eyes, yellow mustache, red necktie, etc.—and I didn't think much of Miss Angelina's choice.

However, I shouldn't have interfered in the matter if he had let me alone.

But he didn't.

Almost the first thing he said when he came into the room was:

"Hello! got that parrot yet? If I had my way I'd wring the neck of every parrot living; I can't bear the beasts."

"I don't like them, either," said Angelina, "but par and mar think so much of this one that I don't suppose they'll ever part with him till he dies."

"Well, he wouldn't stay here long if it was my house," said young Smith, giving me an ugly look, which I returned with interest, I can assure you.

Then they sat down and began their love-making, and I tell you it made me tired enough.

Such a lot of nonsense I never heard talked in my life before. I had supposed Angelina to be a more sensible young woman than she proved to be.

As for Smith, I soon came to the conclusion that he didn't know enough to go in when it rained.

I made up my mind that she was the better man of the two, and I decided to break off that match if I could.

And I thought I saw a way of doing it.

The old folks were expected home from the sociable at eleven o'clock, and at about half-past ten Angelina began to get nervous.

She told Smith that he'd better be going, as she feared there would be a tragedy if he and her father met.

He swelled out his chest and said he feared no man living, but all the same I noticed that he got right up to leave.

But they stood at the parlor door bidding each other good-by for over twenty minutes.

If they said "Good-night, dearest!" once they said it a hundred times.

They kissed each other at the rate of about one hundred and fifty kisses per minute; and he said he wished he could get a chance to die for her, so that he could show her what a great pleasure it would be; and she told him to be very careful of his health, and promised to crochet a pair of wristlets for him, and—

But I haven't the patience to repeat a fiftieth part of what they said.

Suffice it that while they were talking they were startled by the sound of the deacon's key in the front door.

Smith turned as white as a sheet and stammered out:

"W-w-w-where shall I go?"

Angelina was equal to the emergency.

Maybe she had helped other beaus out of the same fix.

Anyhow, she threw open the window and whispered to him to step out upon the piazza.

He did so, and got out of sight just as Deacon Sturgis and his wife entered the parlor.

"What are you sitting up so late for, Angelina?" asked the old deak (excuse my slang) suspiciously. "And what's that window open for?"

"I've been reading, par," said Angelina as innocently as you please, "and I opened the window because it was so close in here."

"Well, it is close," said the old man; "and I think I smell cigarette smoke."

He did, for Smith had smoked a cigarette about half an hour before.

"It must come in from the street," said that hypocritical girl.

"Humph!" ejaculated the deacon.

I had been quiet about as long as I could stand it, and I determined to "sail in" right then and there.

"Oh, Wellington, do you think papa will ever consent?" I said, trying to imitate Angelina's voice.

Deacon Sturgis jumped as if he had been shot, and the girl's face turned a variety of fashionable colors.

"Do you love me as much as you did at seventeen minutes past nine last evening?" I continued, imitating Smith's voice.

"Angelina," roared the deacon, "has that fellow Smith been here?"

Before she could answer I shouted out:

"No matter what par says, I will marry you, Wellington."

Then there was a scene.

It was great.

I laughed till I thought I should fall off my perch.

Angelina cried, her mother had the hysterics, the deacon just danced around the room with rage, and used such language as I never expected to hear issue from his lips.

He forbade his daughter ever to see Smith again, and threatened to disinherit her if she did.

She promised that she wouldn't, and I believed she meant it, and congratulated myself that I had done the family a real service.

I wasn't as well acquainted then with the ways of women as I am now.

The next morning Angelina came and stood before my cage and said:

"Oh, you mean, miserable, treacherous bird! If I had my way I'd poison you! But you won't separate Wellington and me, I can tell you that."

I only laughed a little quiet, indulgent laugh, for I thought that when her temper had cooled her better judgment would assert itself and she would thank me for what I had done.

But I was mistaken.

She hadn't any better judgment.

The name of Wellington Smith was never mentioned, and I decided that love's young dream was o'er.

But I was mistaken, for just two weeks from that night he occupied his old position on the parlor sofa, and Angelina was beside him.

The Deacon and Mrs. Sturgis had gone to a concert, and were not expected back until ten-thirty.

I learned from the conversation of the young couple that they had carried on a correspondence and had met several times since the night of the church sociable.

"Nothing on earth shall ever part us, darling," said Smith, as he kissed her for the four hundredth time; "but I have a feeling that that parrot will bring me some bad luck."

"That's just the sort of a feeling I have, too, old man," I reflected.

But I only laughed harshly.

"It really seems as if he understands what we say," said Smith, nervously.

"He does understand," said Miss Angelina. "He is a very intelligent bird, indeed—a little too intelligent, to my way of thinking."

"It needs an intelligent bird to keep things in order in this house," I mused, but I said nothing.

"But do not let us speak of that disgusting bird any longer," continued Smith. "Let us talk of ourselves and our love."

"All right," thought I, "'disgusting bird' goes; but make the best of your time, for if I am not quite mistaken there is going to be a little cyclone here before long."

You see I had been watching the deacon's movements that day, and knew how to draw an inference.

At just nine o'clock, while Smith was telling the girl what an ideal life they would lead when they were married and the old man had forgiven them and presented them with fifty thousand dollars, there came the sound of a key in the front door.

Angelina and her beau both leaped to their feet.

Smith rushed to the window.

"I can't open it!" he gasped.

Of course he couldn't; the deacon had nailed it down that afternoon—I had seen him.

"Into that closet, Wellington—quick!" whispered Angelina.

Smith bolted into the closet, and the girl closed the door.

The next moment Deacon Sturgis entered.

His face was red with rage, and he carried a large, robust-looking rawhide in his right hand.

"So I've caught you at last!" he said, flourishing the weapon in triumph. "Where is he? He shan't escape me now."

"Where is who, papa?" asked Angelina, as innocent as you please.

"That fellow Smith."

"Mr. Smith? Why, he isn't here. You must be dreaming, papa."

Well, honest, she said that in such a straightforward, George Washingtonian kind of a way that if I'd been the deacon I think I should have believed her.

He hesitated, and I was afraid that he was going to allow the wool to be pulled over his eyes, so I screamed:

"Into that closet, Wellington, quick!"

Well, the old man "caught on" in an instant.

He yanked open the closet door and dragged out the trembling Smith.

"Let up on me, Deacon Sturgis," whined the knight of the ribbon counter, "and I'll never come here again."

This made Angelina gasp for breath.

"You said you were not afraid of any one living," she cried.

"Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed.

"Isn't afraid of any one living, eh?" sneered the deacon. "He looks it. Well, here goes!"

The rawhide descended on young Smith's shoulders.

Well, the fight that followed was a highly enjoyable one to me until my cage was knocked over and my wing broken.

Then I yelled for all I was worth, and Angelina picked me up.

I knew from the way she looked at me that she wished I had broken my neck.

After the deacon had half thrashed the life out of Smith he kicked him out of the house.

Then a doctor was sent for to attend to my wing. It I entertained him with vivacious remarks.

He was very much taken with me, and before he left the house made the deacon an offer for me.

It was refused on the spot, but the doctor had taken a great fancy to me (I don't blame him), and came back with another offer the next day.

That was refused, too, but before the end of the week he owned me, for Deacon Sturgis could not resist an offer of five hundred dollars cash.

Dr. Rawley proved to be as good a master as any parrot could desire.

He was a fashionable physician, with a big practice, and I hung in his office for nearly four years.

During that time I learned a good deal and had lots of fun.

There were no children in the house, and I was well treated in every respect.

I became a great favorite with the patrons of the house, and was fed all sorts of expensive and high-toned luxuries.

For two years I enjoyed this sort of thing, but at last it began to pall upon my taste, and I longed for something new.

I decided to escape if I possibly could.

I knew that I might not strike another place half as desirable for a residence, but I didn't care—freedom was what I wanted, and I made up my mind to have it.

One night after the saloon was closed I worked at the fastening of my cage door until I got it open.

Then I flew out and began to skirmish around to see what I could strike.

A long hall confronted me, with a row of doors on each side. I flew up to the transom over one of the doors and looked into the room.

The gas was turned down very low and a man lay asleep in the bed.



THE DEACON YANKED OPEN THE CLOSET DOOR AND DRAGGED OUT THE TREMBLING SMITH.

But one day the doctor died, and a couple of weeks later his widow sold off everything (including myself) at auction.

I was sold for two hundred dollars to a wealthy old maid.

I was disgusted at having gone so cheap, and I took no pains to behave well in my new home.

I used bad language, sang comic songs, bit, was vicious—in short, made myself as unpleasant as possible.

The result of all this was that the old maid, who had expected me to be the comfort of her declining years, sold me before she had had me a month.

This time I went to the proprietor of a swell hotel up-town, and brought the sum of six hundred dollars.

This, it will be seen, was a profitable speculation for the lady, and not a bad thing for me.

A hotel is by no means the worst place in the world to live in.

I was hung in the bar-room, and it was my duty to amuse the guests, which I did to the best of my ability.

There was a closet at the opposite end of the room; I flew into it and perched on the top shelf.

"So far, so good," I said to myself. "Now I'll see what I can do as an independent individual."

At this moment I was startled to see the young fellow jump out of the bed and to hear him howl:

"Heavens! the room is haunted!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed.

I couldn't help it.

The fellow hurried on a few articles of clothing and rushed out of the room.

Pretty soon he came back with the night clerk.

I hid away in the back part of the shelf where they couldn't see me.

"Nonsense, Mr. Gumption," I heard the clerk say; "the idea of a haunted room is absurd. However, I will make a search to please you."

He did so, but he didn't find me.

Gumption, however, insisted upon having another room, and I was left alone.

I made a hearty meal on a portion of the remains

of a dinner that he had had served in his room, and took the rest up to my shelf.

I stayed there all the next day, and at night scared off another guest by hollering "Murder," as loud as I could yell.

Another search was made, but I wasn't found.

This is the third day, and I am still holding the fort.

I expect to have a regular circus to-night if there is a new guest in the room.

I have spent a good deal of my time in writing these reminiscences; but as it is my first attempt at anything of the kind, I know my work is far from perfect.

And then it is awfully hard for me to hold a pencil in my claw.

This sort of life has its disadvantages, and I confess I am getting a little hungry.

But I am going to hold the fort anyhow. No power on earth shall move me.

Hello! I hear the hotel clerk's voice outside.

Jingo! he's coming in!

He sees me!

He approaches the closet.

I'll never surrender, I—

(The Parrot's reminiscences close in this abrupt manner, but no doubt the reader's imagination can supply the rest.—FRED.)

PART V.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

A year ago this month a friend of mine advised me to purchase a camera.

He said it would be a great relaxation for me after business hours were over to wander around the streets and hunt for folly as it flies—in fact, to fix it in imperishable lines upon the dry plate in the very act of flying.

At first I did not enthuse much over the idea.

I thought it would be of just as much benefit to my health to join a baseball club or hire a bicycle, or take a brisk walk around the block.

But my friend said "No."

He maintained that all I required to make my existence one long, lingering dream of bliss was a camera, and that nothing else this side of the grave would serve as a substitute.

So I began to look about for one.

I answered a large number of advertisements and received a collection of circulars and sample pictures that half filled my boudoir—the second floor hall room in Mrs. Skimpley's select boarding-house.

I read all the circulars, catalogues, etc., and when I had finished I knew no more about cameras than I did when I began.

But I had a dim idea that photography was a very fascinating pursuit, and I decided to go into it.

I selected my camera in this way:

I put all the circulars in a wash basket, then I shut my eyes and drew one out at random.

It proved to be the advertisement of the Kako camera, and I immediately sent an order to the manufacturers for one of the instruments.

According to the circular, the Kako would pretty nearly take pictures all by itself if you only let it know what you wanted it to do.

The extent of your labor under the most unfavorable circumstances was simply to press a button.

I ordered the camera sent to the office of J. R. Simpkins & Co., where I was at that time employed as assistant bookkeeper.

Well do I remember the afternoon it arrived.

Old man Simpkins happened to be in the main office at the time.

"What's that?" he growled, as the expressman laid the package on my desk.

"It's a Kako camera, sir," I replied, supposing that he would commend me for my artistic taste.

Many a young man would have spent his leisure time in bar-rooms, while all I wanted to do was to go around and take pictures of miscellaneous objects.

But Mr. Simpkins was in one of his bad moods that day, and he snorted:

"A camera, eh? Well, you're even a bigger fool than I thought you, Jowley. Take my advice, and smash the thing if you don't want it to get you into trouble. At all events never let me see it here again."

I was too deeply offended to reply, but as I heard the other clerks titter, I made up my mind that I would get even with old man Simpkins some day.

And I did.

At 6:30 the next morning I started out with my Kako all loaded ready for business.

I bent my steps in the direction of Central Park, thinking that I might there find some subjects worthy of immortalizing.

I was not disappointed.

I took a picture of a policeman in the act of flirting with a nurse-girl—a proof that the early bird catches the worm; I secured an excellent photograph of a tramp reclining negligently upon a bench; and I found several other very good opportunities for the exercise of my newly-acquired skill.

I had just about arrived at the conclusion that Fate intended me for a great artist, when I saw a young lady coming round a turn in the road on a bicycle.

Although nineteen years of age, I had never known what it was to love until that moment.

I had never before seen so beautiful a creature as this maiden, out for a bicycle ride before the early morning dew had been dissipated by the rays of the sun.

I determined to take her reflection home with me.

As she neared me I pressed the button, and her rapidly-flying image found a place in my collection.

I continued my way, filled with thoughts of the stranger's beauty and my own rare talents, when suddenly she hove in sight again.

She had made a detour, and was once more approaching me.

She blushed as she saw me, and again I pressed the button.

That evening I developed the pictures, and the next morning I found myself in possession of what I considered two most excellent photos of the fair bicyclist.

Early the next morning I was at the park again.

So was the lovely unknown, and I secured three more photographs of her.

The next morning I again hied me to the park and

was just in time to perform what I shall ever regard as a most heroic action.

I had scarcely entered the great pleasure resort when I was witness of an accident which for a moment literally caused my blood to run cold in my veins.

The bicycle upon which my unknown charmer was mounted came in violent collision with that of another lady—a stout, elderly person—and both machines and their riders were thrown violently to the ground.

I boldly ran to the rescue, and had the inexpressible felicity of assisting the object of my admiration to her feet.

In trembling accents I asked her if she was injured, and she replied:

"No; but my bicycle——"

She gave a rueful look at the machine.

It was in a badly broken-up condition; to mount it again until it was repaired would have been out of the question.

The other lady's bicycle was all right, and so was she, and after a few apologies, etc., she resumed her ride.

"If you will permit me," I said with all the gallantry I could summon, "I will assist you to take your bicycle home. I do not think you can do it alone."

She was evidently deeply impressed by my manly bearing and my exceptionally courteous manner, and after a few seconds' hesitation accepted my offer.

So we walked out of the park and down —th Street together, I dragging the bicycle, which seemed to me a hopeless wreck.

"Now, Jowley, my boy," said I to myself, "is your opportunity. This girl is apparently wealthy, and certainly beautiful, and you want to cultivate her acquaintance. You can easily make her fall in love with you—she is evidently struck now—and perhaps before you are twenty-one you will be the husband of an heiress, and able to snap your fingers at old Simpkins and his paltry ten dollars a week."

I made the best of my opportunity.

I blew on my trumpet for all I was worth, and I could not help seeing that my feelings of admiration were reciprocated by my fair companion.

I romanced a little. I told her I was employed by a Wall street banking firm at a salary of a hundred a week, and I made various other statements which were not strictly true, but which were calculated to raise me in the estimation of the young lady.

Finally I took from my pocket the five photographs I had made of her and presented them to her with a courtly bow.

She blushed more violently than ever and murmured something about being greatly flattered.

I was about to make an appropriate reply when the fair unknown paused before an imposing looking brown-stone house.

"This is my home," she said. "I am very much obliged to you, sir."

I gazed up at the front door, and to my consternation saw upon the big silver plate the familiar name, J. R. Simpkins.

It was the old man's house, and my companion was the old man's daughter!

"Your name," I gasped, "is——"

"Maude Simpkins, and—oh, here is papa!"

At that moment the door opened and Mr. Simpkins appeared upon the threshold.

"What are you doing here, Jowley?" he demanded, frowning at me.

I was so taken aback that I don't know exactly what I said, but I do not know that he interrupted me with:

"Well, be off with you, and see that you're at your desk at nine o'clock sharp, or you'll be docked."

I walked away covered with humiliation and filled with apprehension.

When I arrived at a few minutes before nine o'clock, I was summoned to the old man's private office.

As I entered I saw those five fatal photographs on his desk; then I knew it was all up with me.

"Jowley," he said, "you, I understand, are responsible for these enormities."

I attempted to reply, but before I had uttered ten words, he interrupted me.

"In one of them my daughter is represented as a negress," he said; "in another she is squint-eyed, in a third she seems to be just recovering from an unusually severe attack of small-pox, in this one she appears to have a foot about the size of a soap-box. Jowley, if you were worth the trouble I'd thrash you; as it is, you are discharged."

I attempted to reply, but he would not listen to me.

"All right, old man," I muttered as I left the office, "you will hear from me again or my name is not Horace Jowley."

He did hear from me again.

When I made the threat I had already formed a plan for revenge.

For two weeks I followed Simpkins like a Nemesis, and I did not lose my time.

I also met his daughter in the park several times, and had the satisfaction of learning that I was not quite indifferent to her.

My schemes were apparently prospering.

I had not yet secured another place, but I did not care.

I had some money in the savings bank, and by the time it was gone I expected to become old man Simpkin's son-in-law.

One morning about a fortnight after the interview with Mr. Simpkins, which I have described, I re-entered the banker's office.

All the clerks grinned when they saw me coming, but I did not care; I mentally resolved that when I became a partner in the firm I would discharge every one of the insolent rascals.

I sent word to Mr. Simpkins that I wanted to see him on important business.

He returned word from his private office that I couldn't.

Then I handed the office-boy a sealed envelope, saying:

"Give him that and I guess he'll see me fast enough."

The boy re-entered the office.

In about ten seconds he emerged again.

"You're to go right in," he said, giving me a wondering look.

With triumphant step I entered the private office and found myself once more in the presence of J. R. Simpkins.

But the tables were turned now.

His face was a startled, almost frightened expression.

In his hand he held a picture which he had taken from the envelope I had sent in.

"Is this your work?" he asked, and I was pleased to observe that his voice trembled.

"It is," I replied. "As you see, it is a picture of

yourself in the act of emerging from a corner groggery. You will notice that I took you in the act of wiping your mouth."

"I——"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but I have others."

I took a package from my pocket.

"This," I continued, "portrays you as you appeared standing at the door of the Excelsior Theatre the other evening waiting for the pretty actresses to come out. I took it by electric light, and you will admit that it is a fair picture. I think your least intimate friend would recognize you."

"I——" began my ex-employer again.

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but here is another. This, too, was taken by electric light, and represents you rolling home at three o'clock last Tuesday morning. The most careless observer would know you. Here is another taken the same evening. And here is——"

"Enough!" fairly shouted Mr. Simpkins, tearing up

The old man was silent for a few moments.

Then he said:

"I must have time to consider your proposition."

"Certainly," I replied, magnanimously. "How much time do you want?"

"Call to-morrow morning at this hour and bring the negatives with you."

"I may depend——" I began.

"Of course," interrupted Mr. Simpkins, "if I promise you my daughter's hand I shall be as good as my word."

"Very well, I will be here at ten o'clock precisely."

"I shall be ready for you."

I took my departure in triumph.

I felt that the victory was mine.

Maude loved me, the old man was in my power; my future seemed assured.

At ten o'clock the next morning I presented myself at the banker's.

The office boy grinned again as he admitted me, and



"START, JOWLEY," ORDERED THE OLD MAN. I STARTED—I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE—AND THAT VILLAINOUS OLD MAN KICKED ME ALL AROUND THE ROOM.

the obnoxious pictures and flinging them into his waste-basket.

"That is all right," I said, smiling cheerfully. "I have the negatives at home, and can print hundreds more if I wish."

The old man glared at me helplessly.

"What are you going to do with those negatives?" he asked after a pause.

"That depends entirely upon you," I replied.

"I understand you, you want me to buy them."

"Yes."

"But this is blackmail!"

"Call it what you like."

"What is your price for the negatives?"

"Your daughter's hand," I replied slowly and impressively.

"You infernal villain!" began Mr. Simpkins, starting from his seat.

"Keep cool," I said. "The game is in my hands now. Do you agree to my terms?"

I mentally determined to secure his discharge within twenty-four hours.

Mr. Simpkins received me with a smile that, somehow or other, I did not half like.

"You're right on time," he said; "punctuality is a commendable virtue. You have the negatives with you?"

"I have."

"Come up to the top floor with me and we will arrange the affair."

I hesitated.

I knew that the top floor was a vacant loft, and I did not see the necessity of ascending to it.

"This is a delicate matter," explained Mr. Simpkins, "and our negotiations must not be overheard."

"As a gentleman, sir, and as the future husband of your daughter, I appreciate your feelings and will accompany you."

"I thought you would," said the banker. "But we must have a witness."

"Quite proper."

"We will take Raleigh with us."

Raleigh was the office boy, and as I did not like him I was about to object, but before I could do so Mr. Simpkins had summoned him.

"Follow us upstairs, Raleigh," ordered the old man. "We may need you."

Raleigh said nothing, only grinned, and trotted after us.

Oh, why did I not suspect the foul plot of which I was being made a victim?

When we reached the loft Mr. Simpkins locked the door.

Then his whole manner changed.

"Good light, this, for amateur photography, don't you think so?" he asked with a singular smile.

"Quite," I replied.

"Then we'll get to work. Raleigh, you're sure you understand the management of the camera?"

To my astonishment I now perceived that the office boy held a Kako in his hand.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I know all about it."

"Then we'll proceed at once. Now, Jowley, I'm going to pose for a few more pictures, and you shall be taken with me."

"But I don't want to," I protested.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference. First, we'll have an instantaneous view of you being kicked around the room by me."

"I will never——" I began.

"Oh, yes, you will. I'm a good deal bigger and stronger than you are, and if you don't do just what I tell you, I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had since you were an infant."

As he spoke he gave my ear a vicious twist that made me yell in spite of myself.

"Now, Raleigh," ordered the old man, "when you think we are in about the right position, press the button. Start, Jowley!"

I started—I had no alternative—and that villainous old man kicked me all around the room.

Presently Raleigh shouted:

"All right!"

"Got it?" asked Mr. Simpkins.

"Yessir."

"All right; now you can take me in the act of administering a sound thrashing to Jowley."

"Never!" I cried.

But the picture was taken, all the same.

"Now, Jowley," said the old man, "I'll trouble you to walk around the room on your ear a few minutes while I rest. When you are in a good position, I'll press the button myself."

Well, I had to do it; I was the victim of brute force.

But I cannot linger upon that degrading scene.

Suffice it to say that before I left the loft I was taken in no less than fifteen most humiliating positions.

Raleigh laughed so hard that he nearly had a fit, and I never saw Simpkins smile so broadly before.

"Now," said the old man, as he picked up my package of negatives and flung them out of the window into the court below, where they were smashed into atoms, "you may go. I shall exhibit impressions from these negatives to my daughter, and if she is fool enough to marry you after she sees them you can have her."

I said something about going to law about the matter, but a threatening movement of the old scoundrel's foot silenced me.

I walked out in a frame of mind that my pen is incompetent to describe.

I did not go to law; what would have been the use? the old man had money and I had none.

I did believe, however, that Maude would remain true to me; but the next time I met her she burst into a fit of evidently uncontrollable laughter and crossed over to the other side of the street.

Then I realized that all was lost.

I am still out of a job, and have a Kako camera, in perfect condition, for sale at a sacrifice.

I can never press the button again.

(The above was left at my door some weeks ago by a dudish looking youth with a melancholy expression of countenance and a red necktie. I chance to be aware that he is now working in an East-side grocery for \$4 a week.

BONES.)

PART VI.

TALL TALES TOLD AT TUCKER'S.

The boys were gathered round the almost red-hot stove in the village store at East Windyville.

They were pretty old boys, the youngest of them, Methuselah Beckwith, being on the shady side of forty.

His companions were Eben Slocum, the village ne'er-do-well, who had never been known to do a stroke of work in his life, but who by some mysterious dispensation of Providence never seemed to want for anything; Dave Fosdick, who had lost an arm in the war of the rebellion, and was living on his pension; and Si Gallup, the oldest inhabitant.

A cold snap had come, a fire had been lighted in the big stove for the first time that autumn, and the quartet had assembled at 7:30 p. m., as they had been in the habit of doing every cold night for at least fifteen years past.

The loungers in the front part of the store lingered about, knowing that if they waited long enough they would be sure to hear some pretty "tall" stories.

But the old fellows were in no hurry to begin.

They knew that their utterances were awaited with some impatience, and they enjoyed keeping their audience in suspense.

So they sat gazing meditatively at the stove, occasionally decorating its recently polished surface with a liberal installment of tobacco juice.

At last Dave Fosdick shifted his quid and broke the silence.

"Mighty suddint spell o' cold weather," he remarked, reflectively.

In an instant silence reigned in the store.

Ike Tucker, the storekeeper, who was in the act of tearing off eight yards of calico for the Widow Johnson, paused with his task only half completed, and the widow herself forgot all about her purchase and gazed with evident interest in the direction of the stove.

The words were scarcely out of Dave's mouth when Eben Slocum snorted out:

"Call this a suddint spell. This ain't nothin'. I remember one spell when I was a boy—I disremember the year, but it was somewheres between '58 an' '60—that wuz a suddint change. It wuz in October, the latter

part o' the month. At half-past four in the afternoon the thermometer was standin' at seventy, an' it wuz a-rainin' like all possessed. Afore twenty-five minutes tew five it turned cold all of a suddint.

"The thermometer dropped right daown ter thirty, an' the rain friz jest ez it fell.

"Well, gents, it wuz a great sight, that there rain standin' friz in solid columns all the way from the graound tew the claouds, more'n a thousan' feet above.

" 'Twa'n't possible tew go aout in the streets till the next mornin', when the sun came aout; an' when the rain thawed about there wuz a flood that made it necessary tew go raound in rowboats few tew or three days.

"Yes, gentlemen, that air wuz a mighty suddint change."

A dead silence reigned for some moments.

The situation was a painfully uncertain one until Eben Slocum, having ejected several gills of tobacco juice, permitted a compassionate smile to illumine his rugged features.

Then every one knew that another legend was coming.

"That wa'n't much of a change," said Eben, stroking his goatee thoughtfully. "I remember onct—'twas in the fall of '45—that the thermometer dropped from 80 in the shade tew 27 inside o' three minnits. Yes, sir. It was rainin', tew, jest like it wuz the time you wuz tellin' 'bauot, Dave, an' the rain friz jest the same. A good deal of it didn't tetch the graound, but jest hung daown from the claouds like icicles. I tell ye, gentlemen, it was a purty sight. The icicles wuz some on 'em a foot thick, an' we boys useter tie ropes tew 'em an' make swings an' sich like.

"Wa-al, things stayed that way 'baout twenty-four haours, an' then a purty brisk wind began tew start up an' the claoud begun tew move towards the west.

"Of course the icicles went along, tew.

"An idee struck me, an' I rushed intew the barn an' got pop's light wagon an' hitched it tew one o' the icicles—a big, staout one, ye understand—an' then I jumped in, an' off we went.

"Wa-al, the wind kept a-gettin' fresher an' fresher an' the cloud a-goin' faster an' faster, till the old wagon spun along the road so fast that I thought she'd go tew pieces en' a minnit.

"Why, the trees an' haouses an' barns flew past so quick that I couldn't hardly see 'em. Railroad trains wa'n't nowheres compared with it. I s'pose I must ha' been goin' tew hundred miles a minnit ef I wuz goin' an' inch.

"It wuz blamed lucky fer me that the wagon kept on the main road; ef she'd taken a notion tew climb a fence or run up ag'in a barn I'd ha' gone tew everlastin' smash, sure.

"Wa-al, gentlemen, that ride didn't last long, but it wuz mighty excitin' while it did last.

"As we got near tew Boston the wind began tew kinder moderate, an' it got warmer. Jest afore we reached the city the eend o' the icicle melted off, and the wagon stopped so suddint that it throwed me aout.

"I wa'n't hurt none, an' I picked myself up an' looked raound me.

"I knew where I wuz, fer I'd been there before.

"Gentlemen, I had been travelin' less'n three minnits by the watch, but I'd gone all the way from aour taown tew Boston—five hundred miles.

"I tell ye, them claouds travels paowerful lively. Yes, sir."

And Eben took a fresh "chaw" of tobacco and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling.

After another oppressive period of silence, old Si Gallup slowly recrossed his legs and remarked:

"The weather is a mighty unsartain thing naowadays, fer all their weather bureaus an' things, but I dunno's it's much wuss'n it useter be, an' sometimes I think it's improvin'.

"Naow, talkin' 'baout cold weather an' suddint changes, an' sich like, puts me in mind of a spell o' weather we had right here in this village, an' I'm the only man livin' that kin remember it.

"Sing'lar enough, it wuz a suddint change from hot tew cold jest like what yeou, Dave, an' Eben have been tellin' abaout, only it's plain that neither o' ye know what reel severe weather, the kind we useter hev sixty odd years ago, is.

"It was towards the latter eend o' summer—in August ef I remember right—an' I don't remember no warmer day.

"A terrible thunder shaower came up. I dunno's I ever seed it rain harder. It jest came daown in sheets, an' yeou couldn't see acrost the street.

"Mè an' my brother had an arrant tew dew that wouldn't 'low o' no delay, so we started aout under the big fambly umbrella.

"Wa-al, gents, we hadn't gone more'n an eighth of a mile when it turned cold the suddinest yeou ever seen heerd tell on.

"When the temp'rature begun to go daown we wuz passin' Squire Basset's haouse—the old squire's been dead, these many years naow—an' afore we could git tew the gate we wuz froze right inside a big cake of ice—a reg'lar iceberg on dry land.

"We couldn't move hand nor foot, an' we give aourselves up fer los

"We could see right through the ice, an' we seen that the hull village wuz froze under.

"Folks wuz standin' jest where they happened tew be when the weather changed—they couldn't move a finger.

" 'Twas the blamedest sight I ever see.

"Purty soon aour breaths melted the ice raound aour heads, an' then I sez tew Esek—that's my brother—sez I:

" 'We're goin' tew git aout o' this, Esek.'

" 'We can't,' sez he, beginnin' tew cry—he wuz younger'n me an' didn't hev ez much grit.

" 'I'll show yeou haow,' sez I; 'all yeou hev tew dew is tew foller my directions.'

"Wa-al, Esek he said he would, an' I told him what tew dew, an' in a few haours we wuz aout o' danger."

"What did yeou dew?" asked Eben.

"Wa-al, I didn't s'pose yeou'd ask a fool question like that," said Si. "Why, we dug a tunnel in the graound with aour feet an' hands, an' kept on a-diggin' an' a-travelin' till we come tew a place where it hadn't been a-rainin'. We had tew come up tew the surface onct in awhile tew git the lay o' the land, o' course."

"Humph!" said the evidently incredulous Eben. "What did yeou dew with the dirt?"

"Kicked it aout behind us, o' course," responded Si promptly.

"An' haow long wuz this here tunnel?" pursued Eben.

"Nigh ontew a mile."

"How'd you breathe while yeou wuz a-workin'?"

"Boys then wa'n't what they is now," said Si sternly. "They wuz made o' diff'rent stuff, an' we didn't hev no

trouble a-breathin' any more'n ef we'd been on top o' the graound.

"Naow whenever yeou git through askin' questions, I'll tell yeou the rest."

"Go on, Si, go on!" chorused the quartet.

"Wa-al," said Si, "when we got above the surface we faound aourselves most over tew Breezy Corners, an' I tell yeou when we looked over this way the sight wuz a great one.

"The hull o' Windyville was a solid square iceberg 'baout a mile raound each way, and so high that we couldn't see the top of it.

"It was fearful cold, an' we only hed aour summer close on, so we wuz chilled tew the bone.

"Ez soon ez we'd got warm close, I sez to Esek:

"'Wa-al, we're all that's left livin' o' the hull vil-lage, an' ez we can't bring 'em back tew life, we may ez well turn this thing tew aour advantage.

"Then I 'xplained tew him what I wanted tew dew, an' he agreed tew help me.

be froze stiff, but they wa'n't, they wuz alive an' kickin', an' said they'd had a fustrate time. A scien-tific professor that wuz up here 'xplained it by provin' that it wuz healthy tew be friz up in the middle of an iceberg, but I disremember haow he made it out."

"Speakin' o' freezin," drawled Methuselah Beckwith, "reminds me of an invention o' my gran'father's.

"He wuz allers a great feller fer inventin' things—invented a patent nussin' bottle that would feed him an' then rock him tew sleep afore he could talk; an' when he useter go tew school he invented a machine that would learn his lessons for him while he was off fishin' in the creek.

"He invented a fast-goin' road wagon onct, but that wuz a failure; it went so blamed fast that the hoss couldn't keep up with it, an' it run over him an' killed him.

"Oh, he was great on the invent.

"He invented a kind o' whisky onct that wouldn't intoxicate, an' all the old toppers in town were as full



"I TELL YEOU IT WUZ A GREAT SIGHT TEW SEE THE CRAOWDS SKATIN' ALONG, EVERY ONE CARRYIN' A FAN AN' AN UMBERILL OR A PARASOL."

"We hired men, an' afore the next mornin' we had a fence twenty feet high built all raound the village.

"Then we advertised the place as the biggest exhibition ever seed, an' charged half a dollar tew go inside the fence.

"Wa-al, we jest coined money while the snap lasted.

"Yeou see the ice wuz transparent, an' 'twas reely a great show.

"I hain't got time tew tell yeou half the interestin' things that wuz on exhibition, but yeou kin imagine 'em."

"Wa-al, I calc'late we kin," sneered Eben. "Haow long did yeou run the cirkis?"

"Baout a week. Then a big thaw came, an' the ice melted an' run intew the river."

"Must ha' been a wholesale funeral, then," said Eben. "It's queer ef there wuz sech a terrible calamity right here in this place that I never heern tell on it afore."

"Wa-al, 'tain't my fault ef yeou don't know the hist'ry o' yeour own taown," said Si. "But there wa'n't no wholesale funeral. We s'posed everybody'd

as goats fer weeks at a time an' nobody knew enny-thing abaout it.

"He invented a snorin' machine onct that was a mighty good thing."

"What's the use of a snorin' machine?" asked the hypercritical Eben.

"Good deal o' use. He got the idee when he was courtin' my gran'mother. Her pop wanted him to go hum ev'ry night at ten, and he didn't want.

"So he fixed up this snorin' machine an' got the gal tew put it in her room.

"Then when the old man'd come in at nine o'clock, as he allers useter he'd hear the machine snorin' an' he'd think it wuz his daughter an' he'd go upstairs an' go tew sleep, an' my gran'father wouldn't go hum till midnight.

"But that wa'n't what I started aout tew tell yeou.

"I wuz a goin' ter describe that there contrivance fer freezin' things that he got up.

"But I dunno haow I kin describe it neither, fer nobody ever got a good look at it.

"It was a kind o' liquid made up o' different chemicals that the old man diskivered, but it wuz sech blamed cold stuff that nobody could look at it 'thout freezin' their eyeballs an' injurin' their sight, an' so there wa'n't many people that 'xamined intew it much.

"Gran'father, he thought so much o' me that he wouldn't let me look at it at all.

"Why, it 'ud give yeou a chill jest to be in the same room with the pesky stuff.

"My gran'father's idee at fust wuz merely tew use it tew mannerfactor artificial ice, and he done quite a bizness in that line fer awhile.

"But he soon seen what the possibilities o' the invention wuz, an' he wa'n't the man tew neglect 'em.

"It struck him that it would be a great idee tew start a summer skatin' pond, an' so one hot day in August he went daown tew a lake near aour place an' sprinkled a quart or tew o' the stuff intew it.

"Inside o' five minnits that lake was friz over a foot thick, an' there wuz tew an' a half miles of ez good skatin' ez yeou ever seen in the middle o' winter.

"My gran'father charged a quarter tew skate on the lake, an' he made over eight thousan' dollars that summer.

"I tell yeou it wuz a great sight tew see the craowds skatin' along there, with the thermometer at 90 in the shade, every one carryin' a fan an' an umberill or a parasol.

"That's only one o' the hundreds o' things that he done with the stuff.

"Onct, I remember, he wuz foolin' raound the kitchen stove with his invention. Gran'marm wuz cookin', an' she told him ter git aout o' her way.

"He picked up his bottle o' stuff tew go, but he accidentally spilt some on it intew the stove.

"Wa-al, gentlemen, the flames inside that stove—there was a terrible big fire—jest friz stiff.

"It wuz one of the querrest sights I ever see—them red coals an' flames just lyin' there motionless, friz ez hard ez a rock.

"I broke off a piece o' one of the flames tew see what it looked like, but it melted in my hand an' I got a bad burn. Here's the place."

And Methuselah exhibited a long scar in the palm of his right hand.

"Cur'us haow them things comes back tew yeou when yeou git tew talkin'," he resumed. "I remember that gran'marm had a lot o' custards in the oven at the time. They wuz froze stiff in a second, an' she wuz purty mad."

"Use 'em fer ice-cream," sez gran'father; an' she did, an' I'm blamed ef I ever et Letter ice-cream in my life.

"This gave my gran'father a new idee.

"He went aout an' fed one of aour caows a teaspoonful o' the stuff, an' gentlemen, fer the next week she gave ice-cream instead o' milk.

"All yeou had tew dew wuz tew add a leetle sugar, an' there yeou wuz.

"But my gran'father wuz so ambitious that he wa'n't never willin' tew stop.

"He commenced importin' frozen air tew Saouth America. He packed it in hogsheads, an' sold it at a big profit.

"The natives aout there faound it very refreshin', an' I must hev ez much ez a thaousan' testimonials tem hum that they sent my gran'father, tellin' him haow much they thought on it.

"I s'pose that gran'father must ha' had a stiddy income of abaout tew hundred thousan' a year at tha time, but he wa'n't satisfied.

"He wa'n't no money grubber—'twa'n't the profit he keered for, yeou understand—but that old brain o' hi wuz so active that it had tew be workin' at suthin', a the time.

"Wa-al, I noticed fer abaout a week onct that h wuz terrible quiet an' studious-like, an' I knew he wu thinkin' up some new invention.

"I askt him what 'twas, but he wuz allers terrible close-mouthed while he wuz workin' on a scheme, an' he wouldn't say nothin'.

"But I knew I'd find aout in good time, an' so I did.

"One arternoon he came rushin' intew the haouse—I happened tew be the only one in—shaoutin':

"Come aout intew the yard, Methuselah, I've got somethin' that I kinder think'll astonish yeou."

"Wa-al, I knew ef he said so it wuz so, an' I follered him aout.

"Up near the kitchen stood a box abaout four feet square with glass sides an' top.

"Inside of it was somethin' yaller an' transparent.

"What's that, gran'father?" I asked him.

"What is it, yeou pesky young fool?" he sez, kinder 'xcitable like; 'why, can't yeou see what it is? It's frozen sunlight.'

"Frozen sunlight, gran'father?"

"Yes; frozen sunlight. It is the biggest thing I ever invented. I jest put a couple o' ounces o' my freezin' liquid in that there box, an' in tew minutes it wuz full o' frozen sunlight.'

"What good is it?" I asked.

"That made gran'father mad.

"What good is it?" he yells. 'Wa-al, ef that ain't a fool question! Yeou jest git the buck-saw an' saw that block o' sunlight intew pieces 'baout six inches square an' I'll show yeou what it's good fer.'

"Wa-al, I went an' got the buck-saw.

"Gran'father opened the glass side o' the box an' took aout the chunk of sunlight, an' I sawed it up in tew small squares.

"Then he took one o' the pieces, an' sez he:

"Yeou come daown cellar with me, an' I'll show yeou what it's good fer."

"I went daown, an', gentlemen, I'm blamed ef that little square o' frozen sunlight didn't light the hull place up better'n gas or 'lectric light could.

"It's the biggest invention o' the age," sez my gran'father, 'an' it's goin' tew be the light o' the future, or my name aint Bildad Beckwith.'

"Wa-al, inside o' tew weeks aour taown wuz lit up every night with big chunks o' frozen sunlight, suspended from the Baptist an' the Methodist church steeples. They made the hull place ez light ez day.

"It would ha' been the light o' the future an' mistake, only fer an accident that happened tew gran'father.

"One day while he wuz experimentin' with his freezin' fluid he dropt some of it on the floor.

"He forgot abaout it an' stept intew it, an' he friz tew death on the spot.

"His secret died with him an' I don't s'pose ennybody else'll ever think o' the same thing again."

Just then Ike Tucker announced that it was time to close up, and the quartet arose and filed out with meditative faces.

The next collection of side-splitting farcical stories will be published in No. 809 of the Old Cap Collier Library, out week after next week.

THE END.

Next week we will publish another stirring tale of mystery and adventure by the author of "Frankton's Chase." It is entitled "FERRETED OUT, OR CARL GREYSON'S EXPLOITS IN THE GRANITE STATE." We are sure you will like it. It will be published in No. 808 of the Old Cap Collier Library, out next Saturday. Price five cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

ISSUES OF THE

"BONES SERIES OF STORIES"

IN THE

OLD CAP. COLLIER LIBRARY.

- NO. 765. THAT BOY BONES.
- NO. 767. BONES ON HIS TRAVELS.
- NO. 769. BONES' FURTHER TRAVELS.
- NO. 771. BONES OUT WEST.
- NO. 773. BONES ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
- NO. 775. BONES IN BUSINESS.
- NO. 777. BONES STILL IN BUSINESS.
- NO. 779. BONES AND HIS JOB
- NO. 781. BONES IN CLOVER.
- NO. 783. BONES IN LUCK.
- NO. 785. BONES IN MORE LUCK.
- NO. 787. BONES' COURTSHIP.
- NO. 789. BONES IN LOVE.
- NO. 791. BONES TRIUMPHANT.
- NO. 793. BONES' BOY, BOLIVAR.
- NO. 795. BONES' BOY BOLIVAR'S PRANKS
- NO. 797. BONES' BOY BOLIVAR'S FINISH.
- NO. 799. BOLIVAR AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

Price 5c. each.

Price 5c. each.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address

Munro's Publishing House,

24 AND 26 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK

P. O. BOX 1929.

Famous Detective Stories

IN THE

OLD CAP. COLLIER LIBRARY.

- NO. 764. DARLEY, THE GREENBACK DETECTIVE.
NO. 766. THE BELLEVUE HOSPITAL DETECTIVE.
NO. 768. \$25,000 REWARD.
NO. 770. THE HIDDEN BODY.
NO. 772. THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVERED HAND.
NO. 774. THE MYSTERY SOLVED.
NO. 776. ALWAYS ON HAND.
NO. 778. THE STOLEN DIAMONDS.
NO. 780. TRACKING THE DEAD.
NO. 782. THE MAN OF MYSTERY.
NO. 784. THE RIVAL DETECTIVES.
NO. 786. THE RIVAL DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPH.
NO. 788. TRACKED BY A HAIR.
NO. 790. CLEARING THE MYSTERY.
NO. 792. ROB RUSH, THE YOUNG DETECTIVE.
NO. 794. ROB RUSH'S TRIUMPH.
NO. 796. PAUL PENROD.
NO. 798. PAUL PENROD'S VICTORY.
NO. 800. ON HIS METTLE.

Price 5c. each.

Price 5c. each.

READ THEM ALL. THEY ARE THE BEST.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address

Munro's Publishing House,

P. O. BOX 1929.

24 AND 26 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK.